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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

The struggle for existence is universal. The poverty-stricken struggle hard to keep body and soul together, face problems which they are not able to solve and ultimately die, without any knowledge of death and the great hereafter. Those loaded with the gifts of fortune spend much of their time in dancing to the delusive music of life to avoid ennui and boredom. They too live by false knowledge and die in ignorance of what death is and of the great hereafter. Everyone seeks happiness, each according to his own notion of it and happiness escapes almost everyone; men and women pay in disappointment and headaches for the whirligig of the night before. Frustration of hopes in time sours life and embitters character.

The Great Masters of all ages have tried to help men and women to avoid frustration and the consequent discontent. Each of them has pointed to the truth that Nature's purpose fulfils itself in justice which is merciful, inasmuch as it is educative. This gives meaning to pain and points to a remedy.

Modern science recognizes that Law operates in Nature. But for it Nature or the Universe would be without any Moral Order. Justice is known as Determinism in modern materialistic science. It cannot yet accept the merciful aspect of the Law because its universe is guided by a living something which is automatic and blind. A Moral Universe is not known to modern science. This is a natural revulsion from that theological absurdity—propounded by theologians, Christian and non-Christian alike—a Personal God. Life has become unbearable for thousands of human beings because they accept such a God and address Him thus:—

> Thou great Mysterious Power,
> who hast *involved*
> The pride of human wisdom,
> *to confound*
> The *daring scrutiny* and prove
> the *faith*
> Of thy *presuming* creatures.

Absurd as this may sound there are in this twentieth century thou-

sands who believe in this ludicrous notion. Truly a robust "faith" is required to believe that it is "presumption" to question the justice of one who creates helpless little man but to "perplex" him, and to test a "faith" with which that "Power," moreover, may have forgotten, if not neglected, to endow him, as happens sometimes. Among the Hindu masses the same ignorance and superstition exist today, for the real meaning of the Law of Karma is not learnt. Karma —Action implies effort, and self-chosen effort at that; therefore the power of will, exerted in ignorance or by knowledge, is also implied.

It is not the wave which drowns a man, but the *personal* action of the wretch, who goes deliberately and places himself under the *impersonal* action of the laws that govern the Ocean's motion.—H. P. BLAVATSKY

What have the Sages and Seers taught? Jesus asked, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" and the great Apostle Paul warned, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The Master Krishna has traced the stages on the downward way. "He who attendeth to the inclinations of the senses, in them hath a concern." From this follow passion, anger, delusion, loss of memory, loss of discernment and, finally, loss of all. Right effort is also described in the *Gita*, and each mind can select and act upon one or another prescription. Most lucidly also has Gautama the Enlightened One expounded Karma. This grand teaching had been corrupted in India when He appeared and one of His noble endeavours was to restore to His countrymen the true meaning of Karma.

The Self is the Lord of self; what higher Lord could there be? When a man subdues well his self, he will find a Lord very difficult to find.

The evil done by oneself, born of oneself, produced by oneself, crushes the fool even as the diamond breaks a hard precious stone.

Easy it is to do evil; deeds which are harmful to oneself come easy. Exceedingly hard it is to do that which is beneficial and good.

Evil is done by self alone; by self alone is one defiled. By self alone is evil left undone; by self alone is one purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself. No man can purify another.

The foolish man reviles the teachings of the holy ones, the noble and the virtuous; he follows false doctrines which bear fruit to his own destruction, even like the fruit of the Katthaka reed.

SHRAVAKA

THEOSOPHY—THE GRAND RECONCILER

SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS

[**Mr. D. L. Murray,** former Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement,* contributed to our pages earlier this year (Vol. XXVI, p. 51) a thoughtful article on conflicting metaphysical concepts and attitudes to life and how Theosophy could reconcile them. He offers here some additional reflections on the reconciliatory power of the ancient truths reformulated by Madame H. P. Blavatsky as modern Theosophy. He deals in this article not only with abstract metaphysical problems but also with such practical ones as rivalries between creeds and political theories.

The good name of Theosophy has suffered from contradictory and fantastic notions fathered upon it after the passing away of Madame Blavatsky—notions corresponding to the "deplorable statue or mosaic" of Mr. Murray's concluding simile. As for the restatement of the Ancient Wisdom itself, his recommendation that "the great cathedral of Theosophy" be considered as a whole is very pertinent. Even genuine Theosophical tenets studied independently of the whole and consecutive system of which they form a part lose their vital coherence with the main body of the teaching and are very liable to misconception by friends as well as foes.—ED.]

In an article published by THE ARYAN PATH in its February number of this year the beginning of an attempt was made to present Theosophy as the harmony of many opposing systems of thought. It was offered as at least an approximation to that all-embracing system of truth, beyond denial because it leaves no standing-ground outside itself from which attacks can be delivered, that has always haunted the minds of philosophers. In the following pages I am allowed by the kindness of the editors to pursue this subject further.

The recrudescence in our own day of a crude Materialism imposed by the fashionable Marxian economics has given a fresh life to the controversy between Realists and Idealists. Not that every Realist, *i.e.*, believer in the reality of matter, goes to the length of asserting that matter is all the reality there is. But the Materialist is, of course, glad to avail himself of the criticism advanced by Realists against the Idealistic doctrine that All is Mind. This is a confusing controversy; for, whereas analysis of the conception of "matter" makes it impossible (for many minds) to give meaning to the idea of a "material" object that involves no element of mental structure, "common sense" has always violently revolted against the belief that the material world has no independent existence. It is still common sense, of a more reflective type, that protests against that stream of Idealistic thought

which would reduce experience to a dream or phantasmagoria, whether of a single Universal Mind or of individual thinkers, each shut up in his own circle of ideas. A stage towards reconciliation is reached when it is realized that "Matter" and "Mind" are to our apprehension inseparable aspects of a single Reality; for, if it be true that there can be no Matter without the categories of Reason to shape it, it is also true that there can be no Mind without a world of objects upon which to exercise itself.

That the universe of manifestation is so composed would be accepted generally by Theosophical thinkers; but they do not end with the dualism of these two correlative aspects of Reality, but lead their disciples to the apprehension of an Absolute deeper than these "forms" of the finite intelligence. At the same time—this may give partial satisfaction to the Materialists—they enormously extend the range of the material universe, since their doctrine of subtle bodies or refined matter opens up fresh worlds of observation and experiment for those whose faculties are developed enough to perceive them. The French æsthete who protested that he was "one of those for whom the visible world exists" would have found not only this but other "visible" worlds, worlds of material form, could he have cultivated these powers.

Theosophy, then, is a form of Monism, and Monism, of one type or another, would seem to be necessary to a religious interpretation of the universe. No doubt, there has been the dualism of Zoroaster (eternal, co-equal principles of Good and Evil), and in modern days the rugged American Individualism of William James led him to take up the idea of a universe of struggle, in which a God of limited power called for human co-operation in a desperate battle against forces of ill which He had no certainty of conquering. But, surely, a religion of hazard lacks the central pillar of religious faith, the sense of resting upon eternal foundations. On the other hand, caustic criticisms have been made of the view that there is an all-embracing Unity of things. John Dewey says somewhere that Monism is an attempt to show how the universe is One when it is so obviously manifold. Others have maintained that for an Absolute Intelligence to dissociate itself temporarily into finite centres of consciousness would be in effect a lapse into madness. And, again, it has been urged that the moral distinction of right from wrong is blurred if "it's all One" and the sinner partakes of the Divine Nature as truly as the Saint.

It may be that no satisfying answer can be given to the question why the world of a manifestation should ever have arisen, apparently marring with ill-doing and suffering the repose and bliss of the Absolute Being. But Theosophy can perhaps render the conflict between Monism

and Pluralism less acute. While it cannot assent to William James's suggestion about the universe, that "Its safety, you see, is unwarranted" (*Pragmatism*, p. 290), or accept an irrational, because ultimately fragmented, universe, it escapes the objection—to which many forms of Monism and Pantheism are liable —that it reduces the individual to a mere "appearance" without any deep or serious value of his own. It does not make the human soul a fleeting ripple on the tide of Being and no more. Our Egos are not just a dream within a dream, and the evolution of the diverse world of manifestation is not just an idle weaving and unweaving of cosmic motion. Souls in their long pilgrimage through many lives and on the different planes are fulfilling a genuine purpose, and their ultimate reunion with the Divine Source of their being is *not* just a slipping back of the drop, unchanged, into the ocean, but an enrichment of the life of the Whole through the development of its parts.

It is a little difficult to say whether the traditional religious philosophy of the Western world, as expressed by Christianity, should be regarded as a Monism or a Pluralism. On the one hand theologians tenaciously maintain an absolute separateness between the Creator and the souls He has created. On the other, they teach (at whatever cost to consistency) that the Creator-God is omnipresent, infinite and omnipotent. This certainly excludes the pluralistic idea of a co-equal Power of Evil, as well as the Jamesian idea of a Deity whose extent and capacity are limited. Perhaps the Christian system might best be described as a Monism within which there is an irreducible duality of Creator and Creation. In a sense, then, this might be regarded as a reconciling system; though (as stated in the February article in THE ARYAN PATH) Theosophists cannot accept the unqualified dichotomy between Divinity and humanity involved in Transcendental Theism of the orthodox type. One reason among many for this refusal is the *categorical* character of the moral imperative in man, to use the language of Kant. The voice of the moral consciousness in each man carries with it an authority that cannot be set aside by any external Power, however exalted. Even an Omnipotent Creator cannot make that right for a man which his conscience tells him is wrong. What, then, can conscience be but the immanent Spirit of God *within* humanity—a truth which abolishes the separateness of the human soul?

Let us turn, in conclusion, from metaphysical problems to certain practical issues of human life. What a vast amount of energy continues to be misplaced in the struggle between rival Churches and religions! And while the differing religious bodies and sects fight each other, Rationalists and Agnostics impartially belabour all alike! What profit can there be from the Theosophical

standpoint in all this strife? Assuredly no one is bound to attach himself to any particular form of religion or practise its rites. The path to Divine Union can be trodden alone, or the ascent made by new routes unknown to the past. But it is contrary to all spiritual experience to deny that the great world religions are presentments, each from its own angle, each more or less imperfect, of the One Wisdom. Each is a school of mystical union of the soul with God; each, in its sacred places, in its rites, in its words of worship laden with mysterious potency (the *mantramic* power), is a channel through which the rays of Divine light and strength are poured forth on mankind. The differences between the various historical religions are largely the necessary result of differences in national character, climate and stages of cultural development, while within a particular community the differing religions reflect differences of temperament and psychological make-up that cannot be eradicated. Why, then, must man waste so much of his time in pulling down his neighbour's shrine instead of paying worship at his own? Certain Christian bodies continue to dispute bitterly over the "validity" of their respective ministries; it should be the privilege of Theosophists to point out that the earth is full of priesthoods of power, which co-exist without destroying each other's efficacy.

Finally, without entering directly into the field of politics, let us consider what reconciling light Theosophy can throw upon the great, central problem of government, *aristocracy* or *democracy*. From almost its very first years the original Theosophical Society, under the guidance of Madame Blavatsky, declared its first object to be "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, colour or creed," which could seem to satisfy the fundamental postulate of democratic theory. But while thus laying down that the rights of every human being are sacred, and that none can be debarred from treading the path that leads to ultimate perfection and reunion with the Divine, on the ground that they are of an inferior race or creed, it does not seem to the present writer (who in this speaks for himself alone) that this principle is to be interpreted in the facile terms of modern equalitarianism. The distinction between *Guru* and *chela*, Teacher and taught, is surely fundamental to Theosophic thought; while havoc would be made of the whole doctrine of *Karma* if it were denied that individual souls are on different levels of progress and achievement, some nearer and some further from the goal. That much "distinction" must surely be allowed; and it hardly favours the too common assumption that "the man in the street" is the supreme judge of wisdom, beauty or religious attainment. A universal brother-

hood—yes; but it does not follow that none of the brothers are fit to be guides and directors of the less advanced.

It has been the aim of these two articles to suggest that it would be well to stand a little back sometimes from the great cathedral of Theosophy and consider it as a whole. A cathedral of brick and stone may be disfigured by a deplorable statue or mosaic: there may be a decaying timber in the roof or a particular pier of which the foundations have subsided. We do not for such blemishes condemn it as "artistically worthless," or close it as unsafe to be entered. The whole can sustain an imperfect part; and so it is with the great synthesis of Theosophy.

D. L. MURRAY

A MESSAGE FROM BANARAS

I have been a regular reader of THE ARYAN PATH for many years now. The talented editors cast their net wide and draw in articles, many of abiding value, all interesting, from many writers and many lands. To nations sinking in the sloughs of gross materialism, cutting each other's throats in blind competition for the things of the earth, THE ARYAN PATH carries, month after month, in varied shapes, the Eternal Truths taught by all the Ancient Lovers and Teachers of Mankind through the Scriptures of the Great Living Religions—Truths whereby alone the nations can be lifted out of those sloughs by the strong hands of Spiritual Grace, and saved from Perdition and Annihilation. We may be sure that the Blessings of those Elders of all the Races of Humanity rest upon and help the work that this journal, and any others like it that there may be, are trying to do. As that world-scripture, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, says:

सर्व-भूत-हितेरताः

"Actively intent on bringing welfare to all living beings."

May THE ARYAN PATH continue to work and prosper and achieve its philanthropic object!

(DR.) BHAGAVAN DAS

ON THE CONCORD OF RELIGIONS

[**Air Commodore S. N. Goyal, M.B.E.,** writes here on a very important theme—the fundamental unity of all religions at their core, however greatly they vary in their forms and dogmas. Each religion may be considered an aspect or a coloured ray of the white light of Truth, however much it may differ from others now, owing to the accumulation of ages in the shape of exclusive claims and special rites. What but ignorance of all religions except that of one's own upbringing could account for the delusion that one's particular sect and it alone has the broad expanse of the sea of truth in its special pitcher? Madame Blavatsky wrote in 1889: "As the sun of truth rises higher and higher on the horizon of man's perception, and each coloured ray gradually fades out until it is finally absorbed in its turn, humanity will at last be cursed no longer with artificial polarizations, but will find itself bathing in the pure colourless sunlight of eternal truth." Meantime how much needed is Air Commodore Goyal's plea for mutual tolerance!—ED.]

Men of all countries have raised questions and doubts on the reality of God, Providence and Fate. They have discussed at length the soul and the mind. Thousands of books have been written and research has been conducted into the age-old, undated manuscripts of the East but, after all is said and done, men have generally agreed to disagree. Such disunity is based upon the non-acceptance of the fact that a common code of ethics has existed among mankind ever since man attained the sense of right and wrong. Did Buddha and Confucius not preach respectfulness and friendliness towards each other, or self-control, modesty and justice in dealings with each other? Jesus Christ laid down the precepts common to all religions, of love, forbearance and honesty, that men should do unto others as they expect others to do unto them. Five centuries later, the Prophet Mohammed preached his gospel of love. Such was the common code of love and goodness expressed differently in the original Pali, Chinese, Hebrew and Arabic languages.

Similar ethics taught centuries earlier are found in manuscripts written in Sanskrit and other languages, and have been prescribed by Prophets, Saints and *Gurus* of East and West alike. The majority of the world population today adheres to one or another of the religions, all of them in effect pointing to an absolutely similar aim in life. Is it not then an irony of fate that so many different interpretations of the Bibles of religions, nay, of the teachings of the same religious code, have led not only to personal enmities but even to national wars, crusades and *jehads*? Ignorance of the common bond leads men even in modern times from theological to political differences, so likely to culminate in the bloodiest of wars that mankind can ever think of.

Therefore, as we discuss this common yet vital subject day by day in thousands of homes and societies throughout the world, we must realize that every religion basically points towards the unity that is "Truth" and to the realization that is "God," whatever be the expression of that word in various languages and conceptions. Can we imagine in a peaceful atmosphere that the very utterance of the name of God in a foreign language and under mental strains has created the bloodiest of circumstances in camps, where those very religious fanatics would have hallowed the name of the same God had it been spoken in their own language? While we shudder to think how men could have stooped to such bestial characteristics, the worst of mankind will yet continue to create new opportunities for fighting over such various concepts of the common divine philosophy. Unless this realization dawns upon the majority of human beings throughout the world, brickbats will continue to be thrown amongst the monotheists, the dualists, the stone worshippers, the non-believers, etc.

Is all this haranguing about the interpretations of THE TRUTH and the conceptions of God really necessary? Why cannot men find another excuse for setting up political soapboxes? Let the religions continue to bring better realization among mankind for the sake of cohesion and peace. Let not the mind feel superior to the Architect of all minds. Our Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, said in his recent address at Bangalore, inaugurating the Seminar sponsored by the Union for the Study of the Great Religions and the Indian Institute of Culture, that the

> man who is able to conquer himself is greater than the man who conquers the world. Religions ask of us to test theories by experience.

The ancient saints and *rishees* did not claim rights of monopoly in religion, which was built round the common codes and which was called by different names. They expected their adherents to grow to the highest stature of humanity. Under the present circumstances, it appears that, unless there is a change in man's disposition and consciousness, not many of the so-called religious people can be regarded by their own Prophets as worthy of the kingdom of God.

Many efforts have been made in recent times to arouse spiritual consciousness. One of the most remarkable efforts is manifest in the teachings of Swami Vivekananda, a disciple of Sri Ramakrishna, who at the end of the last century preached the gospel of service:—

> You have read that the mother be as God to you, that the father, the teacher, and the guest be as God to you. The poor, illiterate, ignorant and the afflicted, let these be your God. He who loves mankind is indeed worshipping God.

He maintained that the national ideals of India were renunciation

and service, and he appealed to his countrymen to intensify their efforts in that direction. The famous words uttered by him at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in September 1893 will remain immortal:—

If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world it is this....It has proved to the world that holiness, purity and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world, and that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character. In the face of this evidence, if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his own religion and the destruction of the others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart and point out to him that upon the banner of every religion will soon be written in spite of their resistance, "Help and not Fight," "Assimilation and not Destruction," "Harmony and Peace and not Dissension."

With the realization of such unity among mankind, there will be no occasion for any single individual, leave alone nations, to raise his voice to incite one community against another. The unity in men's minds about the need and methods of peaceful living is the logical answer to the problems of "co-existence." The realization must begin not only at home but within one's mind, and right now. For the revitalization of men's consciousness is bound to change the attitude of nations from one of destructive rivalry to one of constructive collaboration.

The question finally arises, How? In very brief terms, a start must be made by intellectuals, those who run societies and institutions, the union-leaders, the heads of departments and missions, diplomats and the like. For on their tolerance of variations in men's dispositions will depend the peaceful and successful conduct of activities in community and international concord. Furthermore, unless those higher up set an example through peaceful and benevolent words, gestures and deeds, the lower strata of workers, farmers, traders and the unemployed will not be keen to curb the disruptive forces of daily routine with all its personal fancies and complexities.

Let both the higher and lower strata of mankind realize that the sages and saints re-stressed the common code of love and compassion, and that they did not indeed intend to be founders of any creed or cult. They did not define Gods or religions. They did not want future generations to analyze the origins of religious dogmas : they merely pointed to the common goal of human duty and ultimate Bliss. They showed many ways for humanity to choose from. They wanted mankind to bow to the hallowing of God's name regardless of where, how or when it was uttered.

But what do we see instead? When the temple conch is blown, many non-Hindus, and some Hindus too, pass malicious remarks, not knowing that they thus deride their own personal God. So also when the *mullah* sends out his prayer-call, many tend to laugh at the custom

instead of joining their hearts in the Lord's prayer.

If and when the day dawns when all members of communities will unanimously and eagerly join their hearts and minds in concentration on the absolute Divine Providence at dawn, at midday and/or at dusk without giving a thought to the appellations of God or to the distinctive headgear or signs allegedly worn by the Prophets of old, then only can one say that the majority of mankind have appreciated the true meaning and use of religion, which is the realization of universal love for mental Peace here and Bliss hereafter.

SUREN GOYAL

CURRENCY AND BANKING

Swami Atmananda writes in the *Harijan* of June 25th on "The 'Maya' of Paper Currency and Bank." He charges them jointly with having

> whetted man's accumulative instinct and thus bred the monster of capitalism with its vast production but most inequitable distribution.

There is some truth in this, but it is an over-simplification. There were great disparities of wealth long before paper currency and the modern bank were dreamt of. Neither existed in the time of Crœsus in the sixth century B.C., though coinage had been introduced by ancient Lydia, his kingdom, the century before. Yet "as rich as Crœsus" still denotes the possessor of untold wealth.

Swami Atmananda's argument is that the big landlords were unable to hoard their wealth for long when it was in perishable produce, cattle, etc. The bulk of their annual income then went to the villagers for services of various kinds. The rest was used for food and taxes, for patronage of the arts and for the construction and repair of temples, tanks and other works for the commonweal. Now that paper money permits disposing of crops for cash all this is changed. Incomes can be hoarded in the banks. Foreign goods are purchased and the villagers neglected.

But have not Indians from immemorial times invested their surplus in women's ornaments? Are these superior to banks, or is the charge really one against hoarding? If so, Swami Atmananda's proposals for the progressive depreciation of the value of paper money and of bank balances, aside from seeming unrealistic, would not get at the root of the problem, which lies in human nature. The virtue of *aparigraha* (non-possession) has never had a universal appeal!

A more practical solution lies in the spreading of Gandhiji's gospel of the trusteeship of wealth. The willing co-operation reported in village improvement projects and the response to Shri Vinoba Bhave's efforts to quicken the social conscience show the possibilities.

CULTURE IN CRISIS

[There are few words that are more commonly misused and which it is more important to understand correctly than the term "culture." Many of us are familiar with Matthew Arnold's definition in *Literature and Dogma*: culture is "to know the best that has been said and thought in the world." This definition has the great merit of universality both in time and space. But the trouble usually is to devise a measuring-rod of the "best" that is acceptable in all ages and to all people. Also, in our democratic era the word "culture" is not, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. It carries the taint of snobbery and the stamp of superficiality. Some of us are tempted to think of those lines of T. S. Eliot :—

> In the room the women come and go
> Talking of Michelangelo.

And yet we would all perhaps agree that the debasement of "culture" has gone too far. We need to reconsider the finer connotations of this ill-used word. We must understand the contemporary crisis in world culture. These tasks are attempted here by two contributors with special reference to India and Europe.—ED.]

I.—AN INDIAN POINT OF VIEW

[**Professor S. Haldar, M.A.,** teaches at Ramdayalu Singh College, Muzaffarpur. To him the blending of the mind and the heart is essential to true culture. Self-culture without self-control is impossible. This is a characteristically Indian standpoint. The Indian ideal has always been the apprehension of the unity of all things and beings. Unfortunately, this grand ideal has been often and for most people an unfulfilled dream. But the ideal has rarely been disowned even when betrayed. Today there is a real danger that this ideal might become an empty boast if Indians do not fight the divisive forces that threaten their country. Professor Haldar rightly stresses the formation of habits of hard work to incarnate the ideals of India in its social institutions.—ED.]

Nowadays we constantly talk of culture, join cultural associations and deliver speeches at cultural exhibitions. Yet not every one of us commands a clear understanding of what culture truly means, of its right aim and purpose. It is common to identify culture with all human activities, untainted with self-interest, which aim at producing that which is true, good and beautiful, and even that which is useful. Thus culture is synonymous with all the altruistic activities of mankind and in this sense literature, philosophy, music, painting, architecture are all aspects of culture.

"Culture" and "cultivation" are almost synonymous words. Culture, as a process, may be described as the effort to extract or evoke something. Culture, as a product, is that

effect of such an effort which constitutes the achievement of a nation and indicates its progress in civilization.

Self-culture includes in it physical, intellectual and moral culture, and consists in our effort to rouse within ourselves the dormant power by which we can develop soundness, wisdom and goodness. This means controlling our inherent tendencies and shaping them as we desire.

The human mind is an assemblage of a certain number of instincts which are the inherent possession of mankind in general. A philosopher like Locke may conclude that it is the final result of the experience which it gathers in the process of its development and that therefore intellect can alone help man towards the accumulation of knowledge and wisdom. But to my mind man is a compromise between mind and heart. If he is to be a complete unity in himself, he must be neither a mind alone nor a heart alone but both compacted, synthesized and harmonized. With this happy blend, a man becomes capable of fine achievements that accelerate human progress and civilization. The finest activities of man, which are divorced from any personal interest and directed towards the commonweal of mankind, must necessarily spring from a final synthesis between the mind and the heart.

Such a view of the true purpose of human life encourages a man to extract something from within. As a tiller of the soil cultivates his field to extract a crop out of it, as an artist selects his materials to fashion them into something beautiful, good and benevolent, as a poet with his high imagination evokes the Universal in his expression of the particular, so a seeker after self-culture controls his tendencies, passions and instincts to give them a newer form. Such control requires great effort and it may rightly be defined as the forming of habits in a chosen line or direction.

I should like to begin by considering the relation between education and culture in terms of a saying of Bertrand Russell. In his essay, "On the Value of Scepticism," he says, discussing the unreasonable and harmful ways in which people act from prejudice and passion, "The ordinary methods of education have practically no effect upon the unconscious." Within the limits of these methods, he adds, any deliberate improvement must be brought about by intellectual means. This shows a one-sidedness in our methods. What can deliberate intellectual means do unless the emotions are also roused and pressed into service? Wordsworth is with us if we say that an excellent education is to be found in the direct influence of great art, great poetry and even great story-telling upon the imagination.

It should always be borne in mind that passions at bottom are neutral —neither bad nor good. It is by working upon them when they are in a state of complete neutrality that education can develop well-organized and well-formed passions and instincts, and encourage, inspire and stimulate them towards the noble, the glorious and the beautiful, at the same time controlling, restraining and guiding them so as to prevent them from turning against the moral and spiritual mode of life. Thus education—in the ideal sense of the term, such an education as that of Lucy by nature, as described by Wordsworth—can make man pure, natural and therefore cultured.

We may believe an ideal to be realizable, but actually as we advance more and more it recedes further and further, like the horizon in the open sea. Yet every kind of pursuit of cultural excellence must take its direction from an ideal which inspires, stimulates and gives enthusiasm to achieve something concrete, positive and practical. Such ideals vary from individual to individual and from nation to nation.

The ideal of the people of India from ancient times may be stated in a nutshell as the apprehension of the unity of all the things and beings constituting the world of our experiences in one Supreme Reality. In such apprehension lies peace, tranquillity and contentment, which are the be-all and end-all of our existence, and this apprehension is possible only through self-control and renunciation of the fruits of action. A text in the Upanishads speaks of this apprehension thus:—

> When there are many there is fear, shame or secrecy, but when all have become one there is fearlessness and immortality.

Real peace and tranquillity arise from fearlessness and identification between the personal and the impersonal, the realization of the godhead in manhood. Swami Vivekananda, Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi have been inspiring and living embodiments of the best that has been thought, contemplated and meditated upon in the cultural pursuits of the Indian ideal.

On the other hand, it seems that the attainment of the supreme power to dominate others constitutes the ideal of the Western world. The idea of "world power or no power," though of recent origin, is the logical sequence of the doctrine of "balance of power" which figured so prominently in the political history of Europe after the fall of the German Empire. Any statesman in those days used to breathe a sigh of relief when he could enter into a treaty of offence and defence with another power; but, in the process of time, treaties came to be considered scraps of paper and hence a necessity was felt for the formation of a world State to maintain peace on earth.

This idea had its origin in Germany, but it spread to the other European countries. After World War I the victors became the victims of the vanquished. Western States today expect to attain peace by intimidation or coercion; hence their policy is that of "preparedness for war, which is the best guarantee of world peace." Westerners do not believe in the fundamental unity of all; hence there is always the possibility of a conflict of interests, and so of war. War, in their view, can only be avoided by the threat of total destruction, by means of some agency like the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb or cosmic rays. The power that has the monopoly of one or the other of these agencies is likely to control others by overawing them into submission.

The West, because of its ideal, appeals to physical force to maintain world peace, but Indians, being prompted by their ideal, would appeal to the spiritual power to apprehend through self-control and self-sacrifice the unity of all. Which of the methods will be more efficacious in solving the world problem, it is not my purpose here to discuss; I am only pointing out the difference in the two outlooks, due mainly to the difference in ideals. Yet European culture has in its inheritance such ideals also as those of Plato and Aristotle, which are more akin to the Indian ideal than that apparently prevailing in the Western world. In order to realize the Ideal, efforts are to be made through institutions, customs and conventions, which are the guides for the activities of a nation. Indians had to work through such institutions as the caste system, the four *ashramas* (stages of life) and the joint patriarchal family to attain their ideal. On the one hand their arts, philosophy and literature gave them the impetus to work through the institutions; on the other, they were the products of their culture, an index to the success of the people in realizing their ideal. In Indian fine arts fact tries to give expression to the Indian ideal of a serenity and tranquillity due to the apprehension of universal unity; whereas in the Western world institutions like common worship, formal discipline in everything, compulsory military training, etc., point to their tendency towards their ideal of achieving dominating power.

No doubt the West has discovered some life-preserving medicines, but, with the fear of the atom bomb overhead, is such lengthened life worth living? The probable answer is that in some ways it has been rendered happier and in some ways less happy. Great evils have been abolished: excessively long hours of work, painful operations without anæsthetics, dirty, damp and dark houses and streets, and so on. But others have taken their place: the extreme monotony of industrial life,

the constant uncertainty and fear of war, the perpetual fear of hydrogen bomb overhead, bayonet behind and machine-gun ahead, and the gradual frustration of the nobler instincts and impulses. A man like Bertrand Russell, the so-called rationalist, may call a preference for the ancient cultures and civilizations sentimental and mean to damn it by using that word. Yet, is not a sentimental person giving importance to what is past but best in essence and ideals better than his modern opposite, the callous, unfeeling, dull and mechanical man? In such circumstances, my appeal to those who are very fond of praising everything that is modern and even ultra-modern and condemning everything that is old and past would be: Do not be too quickly inclined to despise the past; men have not been fools for two thousand years and more because they did not know, or agree with, all the conclusions of Darwin, Marx, Freud, Hitler, Einstein or Russell. A man may know everything there is to be known in economics, physics, chemistry and literature and yet be a fool because he knows a great deal about everything except himself. Despite the psychologists, man today knows less about man, truly speaking, than perhaps ever before and even less about God; yet he keeps talking as if he were a progressive and civilized and cultured man.

For the pursuit of culture the formation of habits of working for an ideal through social institutions is necessary. In the modern world, particularly in India, owing to a terrible conflict of ideas people are losing faith in everything. Belief in psychology implies willingness to act, and as the people in India generally do not believe in anything they are not willing to work for anything. Unless we work we cannot form a habit and the formation of habits is the root of efficiency in work. The prevailing agnosticism is the cause of the decadence of the Indians in every field. The Europeans are today more cultured than the Indians because they form habits and thereby acquire an efficiency in their work which the Indians cannot, having no faith in anything.

It will appear from the above discussion that culture includes three things: an ideal which a community tries to realize, the institutions through which it works to realize the ideal and its members' habits of work through the institutions. The culture of a people is manifested in their arts and crafts, their philosophy, literature, music, painting, sculpture and architecture, their whole mode of living. Through these we come to know the ideal and institutions of a people. To form habits is a most important element in culture, which modern Indians are most unfortunately neglecting day

by day, thereby losing ground in many spheres of culture and altruistic activity.

S. HALDAR

II.—A EUROPEAN POINT OF VIEW

[**Mr. Jonathan Boswell** graduated last year from New College, Oxford, and has since participated in an Indian debating tour. He contends here that the unifying thread of a common ideal is now lacking in European culture. He analyzes some of the many causes that have contributed to this state of affairs. When he passes from diagnosis to prescription, Mr. Boswell justifiably distrusts total solutions. Indeed "Europe cannot now be made over in one ideological image." But must we therefore place our hope in partial and partisan solutions? Can Europe now afford to ignore the lessons of history and the trends of our time? Is the Christian ethic, with its primeval universality, to be again replaced by sectarian propaganda and the "Faith of *the* Incarnation" (italics ours)? It is high time that the wisdom of Professor Toynbee was heeded by all earnest Christians. The age of creedal dictatorships has gone and is beyond resurrection. True disciples of all the great prophets must now unite and chase the money-changers and soul-savers out of the temples and churches and mosques and synagogues of our panic-stricken world.—ED.]

A culture is never static, in equilibrium; it is always dynamic, in search of an equilibrium. The equilibrium for which it searches—more or less consciously, more or less successfully—is some point of stillness where all tensions, spiritual, personal and social, will be resolved or reconciled, some point of balance where men are at peace with themselves, with their fellow men, and with the forces of nature. When this ideal or equilibrium is consciously striven after, with a measure of unity and intensity, as in mediæval Europe, fifth-century Greece or the formative periods of Indian history, then we have a coherent culture. When the unifying thread of a common ideal is lacking, when the ideals themselves are confused or contradictory—not crystalline but kaleidoscopic—then we have a "culture in crisis." And that, very approximately, is the condition in which European culture finds itself today.

For one brief moment of her history, it is true—in the thirteenth century—Europe caught the elusive thread of a common ideal. But this frail synthesis fell before the double blow of the Renaissance and the Reformation, and, for the last four or five centuries, Europe has been paying the price of progress. Her dynamism has made her restless. Her very luxuriance has given her spiritual dyspepsia.

We can understand her present

crisis only if we understand how it is that extremes beget extremes. The intellectualism and urge for definition, which, amongst others, Dr. Radhakrishnan has so well analyzed as typical of Europe, have lent impetus to this tendency. The result is ideological fragmentation. An idea has only to be stated and its contradictory will be called forth. Thus, the Renaissance and the Reformation together unleashed the forces of individualism. But extremes beget extremes. The great over-arching pride of Renaissance man led to self-abasement; individualism gave rise to collectivism. Protestant individualism sent Catholicism rocking back to the rigid corporatism of the Counter Reformation, but itself became bipolarized, one stream centring round Pelagianism and emphasis on human goodness, the other round Calvinism and emphasis on human sin. Cartesianism separates mind and body, and the result is the two extremes of materialism and idealism. Eighteenth-century rationalism sets up a reaction symbolized by the passage from Haydn to Wagner. And in the social development which alike moulds and mirrors these competing ideological currents, the same to-and-fro movement may be observed—between individualism and collectivism, reaction and revolution.

During all these centuries, Europe was not an ivory tower but a cockpit, a moulder of world culture, communicating her own unease and complexity to the outside world. It is good for both Easterners and Westerners to remember her double role in this respect. On the one hand, she sucked in the fruits of exploitation, on the other she sparked off the force of ideas. By the irony of history some of these ideological forces which Europe laid outside her borders—notably Liberalism and Communism—are now exploding in her face. And in a deeper sense, too, it is surely true that Europe has been for others a seed-bed of progress, but at the cost of her own garden's peace and coolness. She has thrown off sparks in all directions, but the sound and fury of the effort have left her devoid of the peace of mind and soul.

But this is only surface analysis. Beneath the conflicts and cross-currents of the surface, we can discern an underlying thread, giving unity and meaning to the whole process: and that thread is the mood of confidence. Confidence in Europe's mission it may have been, or faith in human reason or empirical science —the forms it took varied, but always the confidence was there. Of course, there were pessimistic currents, too—Machiavelli, de Maistre, Nietzsche. But, broadly speaking, through Renaissance optimism, eighteenth-century Rationalism, the dialectics of Hegel and Marx, Utilitarianism, Herbert Spencer's individualism, Bernard Shaw's "Life-Force," the collective progress of

Fabianism—through all these outwardly conflicting threads we can discern the working of certain fundamental assumptions common to them all—that moral progress is automatic or indefinite, that human history fulfils and exhausts the span of moral value, that there is always some upward path leading us inevitably or through some temporal agency to the milk and honey of an earthly Utopia. From Michelangelo to H. G. Wells, beneath the ebbs and flows and swirlings of the surface dialectics, we can detect a deep, strong current of confidence.

Then came disaster. The loss of empires, the horror of two world wars, the crisis of capitalism, the betrayal of Utopian dreams in totalitarianism—one by one the bold dreams were destroyed, one by one the gods in whom European men had trusted toppled to the ground.

And, like the sensitive barometer it always is, the intelligentsia has registered the change. The emphasis on evil in Sartre and Camus, the absorbing interest in human sin of Christian novelists like Mauriac and Greene, the anxieties of an Orwell or a Huxley, the disordered canvases of a Picasso—all these are indicative, if not always of despair, at least of perplexity and disquiet.

It may be said: "Yes, this is all very true. But these attitudes of unease or despondency are not universal. They are restricted to the ivory tower which these intellectuals have built for themselves. Outside the cloisters of All Souls, the 'salons' of Chelsea or the Boulevard St. Germain, they have small meaning or influence."

Of course, it is always possible to exaggerate the importance of the intelligentsia, isolated as it is in an esoteric ivory tower. Yet this very isolation is significant. When the most sensitive minds feel a sense of alienation from the society in which they live, then that, surely, is a symptom of a deeper unease. Rebellion is one thing—the rebellion of the left-wing poets of the thirties was at least the outcome of a deep sense of engagement. But when artists and intellectuals merely analyze or prophesy from a distance, or when, as more often happens, they live in and depict purely private, esoteric worlds, then they become like the heroes of Stendhal's novels, strangers in the city and agents in a new *trahison des clercs*.

Again, the attitudes of ordinary people are more elusive because less articulated than those of the intellectuals. Generalization here becomes hazardous. Yet even here one can detect a certain mood, if not of refined despair, at least of apathy. This sense of apathy is an essential part of the crisis of culture in Europe. The growing elephantiasis of modern society gives the ordinary man a feeling of helplessness in the

face of events which are apparently beyond his control. Vast collectivities deprive him of the sense and reality of participation. And, to cap it all, while Europe's social institutions have been swelling in size, Europe herself has contracted. Thus to the social discontents is added a further cause for apathy—a realization that Europe herself has fallen from the high estate which was formerly hers, that she is no longer the crux and pivot of mankind. It is no wonder that the gloomy prophecies of the Burnhams and Spenglers ring a bell in so many European minds.

In all these ways, then, we can detect a movement from extreme optimism to pessimism, or at least apathy. If, as Toynbee remarks, "History is God revealing Himself," then this movement may have a deeper significance. When man trusts too much in himself, when he falls from dependence on the things of the spirit to an illusion of independence, then retribution comes. The spirit of progress, faith in science and earthly Utopias, the belief in Europe as a Messiah and civilizer of the world—all these forms of *hubris,* arrogance, meet with disappointment. Even the forces of nature rebel and the result is soil erosion. Far deeper and more distressing is the erosion of soul which comes from disappointed hopes and distorted Utopias. Self-confidence and self-distrust turn out to be reverse sides of the same coin. The fruit of presumption is despair.

At the heart of the crisis of culture, then, is a trouble of the spirit, whose interpretation must be a theistic one. Many would disagree. But, whatever lesson we draw, one thing surely remains beyond cavil or dispute—that Europe has now to discover a new equilibrium. At all levels, personal, spiritual, social, the extremes which have racked her, and through her the world, must somehow be transcended and a new point of balance discovered.

How is this to be done? Total solutions are to be distrusted. That Europe cannot now be made over in one ideological image is, or ought to be, abundantly clear: it is too late for that, even if it were desirable. Any variation on the mediæval synthesis—Mr. Eliot's "Christian Society," for example, or the theocracies of the sulky moralists—is out of the question. Europe's ideological complexity is too great, her intellectual tensions have bitten too deep for that. And that is why we must have the pluralism for which perceptive thinkers like Jacques Maritain have called, but we must have it on the intellectual and spiritual as well as on the political plane.

In large measure, cultural reintegration depends on social changes. The problem of the reintegration of a proletariat, which in France or Italy at any rate is largely alienated

from society, is an urgent one. Urgent, too, is the need to create small groups and communities to tame the machine and advance beyond managerialism, or what in England has been dubbed "statism," to a humanist economy based on active participation. (There is an interesting convergence on this view from different sides in Europe today.)

Important also is a recognition that the mainstream of history has now moved out of Europe and that one of the surest ways to cultural reintegration is for Europe to adjust herself to the movements of history in the vast, uprising continents of Africa and Asia: the British Labour Governments and more recently M. Mendès-France have shown the way in this respect. And not only adjustment is needed, but also co-operation. The degree to which Europe can attune herself to the clamant, intense human needs of the underdeveloped areas, the degree to which Birmingham can become aware of the miseries of Kenya—that will be the measure of Europe's success in the great work of adjustment and reparation that lies before her.

But these adjustments will be barren unless they prelude or accompany the deeper search for the more elusive spiritual equilibrium. The tragic distortions of human dignity which presumption and despair alike involve, can be avoided only by dependence on the things of the spirit. Bloated hopes and apathy can only be transcended by reference to those truths which were mediated to Europe by the Faith of the Incarnation—that social action may fail but it is still worth while because it finds its justification outside time, that engagement and transcendence, activity and detachment, are not contradictories but need to be reconciled in a unity of faith and love of neighbour, that human action and human history are meaningless unless measured beside the wisdom, mercy and majesty of the Eternal God.

How this return to the ancient truths will come is a difficult question. So far as the intelligentsia is concerned, the canvases of a Georges Rouault, the life of a Simone Weil, give us part of the answer. The revival of personalist philosophies which is so significant a feature of contemporary Europe will make its contribution also. Here again, however, reintegration of the whole will probably come through the leavening work of small communities acting inside the general framework. This is how the deeper truths are discovered. Many of these communities will be Christian: the pattern is already there in the Christian social movement in France which is based on leavening groups in all parts of social life. The present writer believes that ultimately the most vital leaven can come from a com-

munity rooted in a common life of worship, sacrifice and faith, the life of the Church. The immediate problem, however, demands above all co-operation between men of different faiths in the common work of reconstruction.

These are only pointers to ways in which Europe may achieve cultural reintegration and as such they are both partial and tentative. For the moment, it will be enough if we recognize that there are no blind laws of decline and fall to which Europe must succumb. To believe that there are is pure fatalism and a denial of freedom in history. Instead, it is reasonable to hope that Europe will advance beyond the fire and fury of past extremes, and the half-light of her present weariness, to make a new and vital contribution to the cause of human brotherhood. Above all, let us, in the interests of understanding between East and West, clear away misconceptions. Europe's cultural problem must be analyzed, not with moralistic heat, nor with facile simplification, but with clarity and compassion.

JONATHAN BOSWELL

BACTERIAL WAR ON CHILDREN

All honour to Shri C. Rajagopalachari for his courageous demand for the giving up of the B.C.G. mass vaccination campaign! For it does take moral courage today, even for the highly respected former Governor-General of India, to challenge for the sake of India's children the entrenched might of medical orthodoxy backed by the challenger's friends in the present Government.

It is seven years since the Health Ministry committed itself, with however laudable motives, to this "bacterial war on children," as Shri Rajagopalachari described it at a public meeting in Madras on June 30th. Declaring that B.C.G. vaccine not only did not guarantee immunity from tuberculosis but also caused positive harm, he announced his determination to continue his agitation until the Government gave up its policy of injecting innocent children with it.

The sooner it does so the better! The prestige of the Health Ministry will be better served by admitting having been misled than by perpetuating a dangerous policy until such a disaster as that at Lübeck in 1930—a veritable "slaughter of the innocents"—repeats itself in India, which may Karma forfend! But those who claim that B.C.G. is harmless are either ill-informed or disingenuous.

OLIVE SCHREINER: A TRIUMPH AND A TRAGEDY

[It is fitting that a group of eminent South Africans has decided to mark the birth centenary of the author of *The Story of an African Farm* by founding in her name a university scholarship for women. May more and more Africans and citizens of all lands respond to the spirit of Olive Schreiner's moving plea: "On our great African flag, let us blazon these words, never to take them down, Freedom, Justice, Love; great are the two first, but without the last they are not complete."

Olive Schreiner was one of those fascinating characters who both perplex and captivate their contemporaries. She was easier to love than to understand. She was a restless and solitary soul in the midst of her fame and her many friends. She combined a rationalist outlook with a mystical temperament, and was both a passionate crusader and a creative artist. Although an ardent feminist, she never lost her feminine charm and grace. Such women are rare in any age, but were almost unique in hers.

We are happy to publish this discerning tribute to a lovable pioneer by **Miss Dorothy Hewlett**, a biographer of Keats and of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—ED.]

A Man's life of any worth is a continual allegory—and very few can see the Mystery of his life—a life like the scriptures, figurative.—JOHN KEATS

In *The Story of an African Farm*, written in youth, Olive Schreiner gives us a story, an allegory, concerning a hunter who abandons the chase for a lonely search after Truth. He seeks Truth among mountains, climbing ever higher, hewing out the ascent painfully, step by step, from hard rock. The search has been long; the Hunter grows old: at last, looking down at the comfortable valley far below, he pauses, panting in an air rarefied almost beyond human breathing. His "wizened, shrunken face looked out above the rocks."

It saw the eternal mountains rise with walls to the white clouds; but its work was done....If Truth had appeared above him in the clouds now he could not have seen her, the mist of death was in his eyes.

But others will follow, making the ascent by that stairway he had fashioned with so much pain. "'My soul hears their glad step coming,' he said, 'and they shall mount! they shall mount!'"

On reading this remarkable book we hardly need to be informed that the sensitive, suffering Waldo to whom a mysterious Stranger tells the story of the Hunter (interpreting a carving of the boy's own) is Olive Schreiner herself, or one aspect of her. The story, the allegory of her life, is here made plain.

She was born, the daughter of a German missionary and an English

mother, among mountains, the Witteberg, the "Switzerland of South Africa," one hundred years ago, when life in these remote uplands was still primitive and the only transport by ox wagon. During her life, with much personal effort and pain, she was to hew steps for others to follow, as a feminist, as an advocate of justice and of world peace and, above all, as an apostle of love. "You know," she wrote, "we *must* love everyone in this world. It is only ignorance and darkness keeps us from it."

Her outlook was Christian but she was a freethinker from childhood; a freethinker nagged at and persecuted by brothers and sisters. The too close view of a narrow religion in a minister's household, among Boers leading a pastoral life with their flocks and herds, who believed literally in the Bible—particularly in its harsher aspect—early sickened her of conventional religion: although inclining in later years towards Buddhism, she never subscribed to any faith. But in both heart and mind her yearning was towards the high hills.

In those hills Olive Schreiner breathed freer, not only mentally, emotionally, but physically: at sixteen she was struck down by an attack of asthma, a disease which was to dog her through life. But this nervous ailment was a symptom of a graver defect in health, almost a cleft in personality. She, who hated war, was torn apart by a conflict within herself.

The circumstances of her early life were frustrating: the endeavour to write while working as an ill-paid governess among ignorant Boer farmers, a lack of formal education with a feverish but unsystematic effort to fill up the gaps in her knowledge. But others have triumphed personally over such handicaps and attained at last to peace of mind, and in one way her path was made easy: fame came to her comparatively early with the publication of *The Story of an African Farm*. In England, and the centre of admiring friends, she might have settled down to continuous work, giving the world more books of the same calibre. But it was not only asthma which was to drive her back to African wilds and limit her output: that frequent concomitant of genius, a capacity for laborious work, seems to have been denied her. She could concentrate fiercely, but only for short periods of time.

And, apart from her work, Olive Schreiner was inhibited, incomplete. A woman physically strong, vital, beautiful, she was unable to respond naturally to the love of a man. "This celibacy," she wrote Havelock Ellis in 1888, "has not been good for me; but it would have been worse to marry any man I have ever seen...." When love did come to her in 1893, in her late thirties, Olive fought against it, doubting, returning to England on a visit to test her feeling. After her marriage in 1894, surrendering completely to a man worthy of her, she could not

enjoy happiness to the full, being unable to live on the farm he worked and loved. The cruel asthma again struck her down. She was denied motherhood: her only child died a few hours after birth.

She might have got peace within herself, have been able to exercise her craft to the full, if she could have lived continuously with her husband, Samuel Cronwright, a man who, in the days of accepted male domination, respected her both as genius and as individual. So strong was his admiration for his wife and her feminist views that he added her name to his, calling himself Cronwright-Schreiner. From the first he relieved her of all household cares.

In search of health for Olive he abandoned farming, consenting to live for two years on her small income so that she might have tranquillity to complete two other big novels already partly written, and which, it was calculated, would bring in enough money to render her financially independent. But illness, or temperament, did not permit his wife to keep her side of the bargain. His sacrifice of his work, of freedom, was made in vain: she wrote little. At the end of that time Cronwright-Schreiner was forced to take up the law seriously, thereby binding himself to a town, and eventually settled in Johannesburg, where she was unable to live in the summer heat. For most of their married life, therefore the two were parted; not only, in Cronwright-Schreiner's opinion, because of the recurring asthma but because, dearly though she loved him, Olive, a prey to deep-seated restlessness, was unable to live for long in one place.

As in work and marriage, so in other spheres Olive Schreiner's peculiarities marred her life, making those steps upward painfully hard to cut, and often ineffective. Her personal habits were so strange that existence was difficult anywhere except in the wilds of her native South Africa. She would sleep during the day and walk about half the night, muttering to herself, disturbing other inmates of a house. She had little social common sense: during her five years in England as a young unmarried woman, at the height of her fame, she would receive men friends in her room, keeping them with her until late at night. This, in an age when the division between the sexes was still wide and behaviour conventional, outraged many landladies, who asked her to leave. She, a born rebel, refused to pander to convention. Once, when talking with a prostitute in the street, trying to help the poor soul to a purer life, she was nearly arrested by a policeman.

These misunderstandings, these hostilities, were particularly painful to one who loved her fellow men. "I can't live with people without loving them." Her arms were stretched wide to embrace the world and yet she was at odds with it. In

relations with a number of closely attached (and long-suffering) friends there was again no compromise. She, an idealist with little sense of character, expected too much of those she met and, when they quite naturally failed her, was bitterly hurt and disappointed.

Yet Olive Schreiner's life was not all frustration, all tragedy: that outwardly uncompromising, "awkward" woman had a rich inner and private life. Her work, though she was humbly aware of a smallness of output in spite of intense effort, was the result of glowing fervour. Writing was to her, she told Havelock Ellis, "like being continually in love." This power of concentration, in a complete oblivion of surroundings, resulted in those minutely observed descriptions which are now, I suppose, our chief pleasure in *The Story of an African Farm*—such as the behaviour of the chickens at the close of the book where she writes that Waldo

> drew his hat lower over his eyes, and sat so motionless that the chickens thought he was asleep, and gathered closer around him. One even ventured to peck at his boot; but he ran away quickly. Tiny yellow fellow that he was, he knew that men were dangerous; even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep, and coming back from his sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand askance, and then ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them; and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up disappointed, and then ran back to their mother.

But in Olive Schreiner's own day it was her allegories (as well as this powerful story in its novel setting), her outspoken criticism of intolerance both in religion and social behaviour, and her plea for the freedom of women, which so excited interest and enthusiasm. There was, too, in that rather weary *fin-de-siècle* period, a zest in the book, a hope for life and the future, which inspired or stimulated earnest young people who saw salvation in the new socialism. But in socialism, though she outwardly adhered to it, Olive Schreiner with her wider vision foresaw danger, a danger which has become in our own time a frightening reality: the danger of regimentation. "Socialism," she wrote, "is only one half of the truth, individualism is the other half."

We, who accept so much, forget the newness of these pioneers, men and women who wrote and spoke for social justice, for the advancement of women; and who, like Olive Schreiner, pleaded pity for the criminal and the prostitute, seeing in their ill behaviour a disease. We accept a truer relation between the sexes, especially in marriage, forgetting that it was women like Olive Schreiner who first tore apart the veil of reticence,

talking and writing of sex feelings to the investigating Havelock Ellis. Some of her pamphlets, like *Women and Labour*, had an immediate power of conversion, but it is the long, slow influence of her ideas for which we have perhaps to thank her most.

And, apart from this triumph of doing, what can we say of the frustrated life, the genius largely unexpressed, of this strange woman? Was she fundamentally dissatisfied, unhappy? In the main, I think, not. The power of intense concentration which fashioned her genius gave her moments of happiness, of ecstasy so intense that, when more than middle-aged, she could find herself singing, dancing, clapping hands at the sight of a moving train. "Life," she wrote to her husband, "is such an awful delight to me if the physical and mental pressure is lifted a little."

She lies now, fitly as part of the allegory, in a high place, at the summit of Buffels Kop, beside those dearest, her husband, her baby and a favourite dog; in a high place chosen by her where once, on a perfect summer's day, she had experienced one of those moments of concentrated, "awful delight" as, soon after marriage, she watched, with her husband beside her, a swarm of butterflies feed on a spike of flame-coloured aloe.

DOROTHY HEWLETT

NATIONAL MORALITY

When morality loses its metaphysical basis and retains only its religious sanction, it becomes a superfluous veneer that vanishes in a new social climate. This is well brought out by Shri Nirad C. Chaudhuri in his article "On Visiting the West" in *The Sunday Statesman* (June 26, 1955, Delhi). Shri Chaudhuri contends that "the pose of spirituality has already become unfashionable in India and is normally confined to people above fifty educated in the tradition of European humanism." This may be an exaggerated remark but it contains an element of truth.

It is undeniable that many Indians abroad indulge in vices and crude pleasures from which they would shrink when at home. Shri Chaudhuri simply puts this down to cowardice and the futility of prudery. He suggests:—

> Here the real remedy is to put our sour-smelling house in order and remove the odium of moral delinquency from innocent minor pleasures.

But surely this smacks of dangerous *naïveté*. Different people and different countries naturally differ in what they regard as "innocent minor pleasures." For example, it would seem fantastic to many Indians who have travelled much in Europe to be told by Shri Chaudhuri that "without taking meat it is . . . impossible to breathe easily in the air of the very complex European civilization." Shri Chaudhuri is nearer the heart of the matter when he seriously urges his countrymen "to have the same contempt for Western sensuality as they have for what they call Western materialism." If morality is shallow when it is narrow in conception, it is equally true that flexibility in morals can be frustrating and is a poor substitute for a universal ethic.

I MAY NOT LOVE OR BE LOVED

[The solitary path of independent thought—Godward—is too little followed in our day of facile solutions and ready-made opinions. **Shri J. M. Ganguli** is known to our readers as a provoking thinker, with an urge of his own to solve the eternal problems. Shri Ganguli has obviously recognized that sorrow is, and has given serious thought to its cause and its cure. The perception of the need for non-attachment, for indifference to one's own pleasure and pain, marks a stage in the journey. But pleasure is sooner worn out than pain and in the abjuring of pleasure so that the pain which is its *alter ego* may be avoided, there may still be active the aversion aspect. Be that as it may, the hardness of the mango stone to one's own throes and sorrows needs to be balanced by the softness and sweetness of the mango's golden pulp for others' woes.—ED.]

On and on I go—which way I cannot say, for no landmarks show the direction, no beacon light on any side calls me from the horizon. A limitless expanse surrounds me. Ahead, the horizon recedes as I trudge on.

And how far I have to go I have no idea. If I want to stop to think and judge, I cannot. I am impelled on and on in spite of myself. My limbs are tired, but my mind will not listen. It excites me to stir; it ever wants something or the other and goads me towards it. When I get one thing it wants another. It is never satisfied. What a distance have I come in quest of rest and peace! Or rather, I should say, in meek obedience to desires and longings which raise their heads one after another. If, through bitter experience, the mind for a time loses interest in its pursuits, the body shows restlessness; and when both seek rest Nature takes a hand in shaking my calm. The blazing sun shines hot, clouds burst overhead or the wind blows in my face.

Thus have I been moving all along—I have been moving and knocking about and rolling, and yet I do not know why and whereto and how long this is to continue. My steps are getting heavy, my spirits damped; and my hopes are failing, hopes of getting somewhere, of attaining some end, achieving some result.

There are footmarks on all sides, but if I follow them they disappear here or there, some getting buried, some ending in smoke and ashes. No one seems to have gone far ahead before he dropped. And yet I hear shouts and cries: "Come, I shall lead you"; "I know the way. Follow me"; "This side was shown by my Prophet"; "To the right, my gospel says, and it must be right."

I am bewildered. I turn from side to side and listen to their voices, but am unable to decide who is right and who are the knowers; for none seems to have gone far, and all appear to be getting lost as they go on, as evidenced by the

footmarks I have followed. Behind their "I know," their assertive "right and only path," there is no burning candle of vision seen, of truth perceived and realized. It is hearsay, some notion infused into their simple minds, some belief which they were asked to accept on faith to escape from fear and dread, that has impelled them on their way. They know no more of the purpose, the destination or the driving cause of this journey than I do. Perhaps if I had not listened to their call I would have felt easier and less confused. And so I sit down and give up their lead.

But what a load is on my shoulders! Do I need all this, I wonder. No, I don't. It no more gives me any joy; it no more has any use. Perhaps it had never given me any joy that endured, never had any use that was to my benefit. But, lo! I cannot put the load down; it has become grafted on me without my knowing. It consists of tastes of things tasted before, desires for things which have left a hankering and a sticky memory of varied things, sweet and bitter, which keeps revolving in my mind. These desires and hankerings do not come into the mind from outside but germinate and grow there, and they create things, objects and circumstances for their satisfaction. The properties and functional powers which various articles and circumstances seem to possess are imparted to them for the time being by my mind. "The crow sings as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended to" would be a truer saying if it were added that the sweetness is not really in the voice of the birds but in the passing mood of my mind. I detest the lark when I am distracted and sunk in gloom, and I love even the crow and admire its black beauty when I feel lonely in a nook under the old banyan.

But this realization is startling. Has it been so, then, in everything? Did nothing that I loved and treasured have beauty and value in itself? Were my dear ones, then, merely so many playthings which I grasped and held for a fancy and then dropped? Did those who loved me—or those who I thought did so—only play with me for pleasure, or the satisfaction of a passing desire, or a purpose of their own?

Let me reflect. I look hard behind. No one do I see coming up to keep me company, to share the load that is crushing me. Where are those who had painted an enchanting rainbow before my eyes —those who had vowed undying friendship, self-forgetting love, timeless care and protection under their wings? And where again are those whom I had picked up and loved and poured out my torrential feelings on?

I rub my eyes and look for them again but, like ripples or waves, they have ebbed and subsided into the dead flatness that surrounds me. My creative, fanciful mind only is left behind, and so the load that

accrued to it in its ramblings I cannot throw down. Oh, why did I play with marbles which got lost in holes? Why did I run after butterflies which disappeared in the bush? I put my nose to a budding rose, and a bee stung me and a thorn that I could never extract pricked my finger. Thus I have been collecting and packing odds and sundries into my pack—some excitement here, the flush of a joy there, or the sting of a pain, the hankering for moments gone into eternity, or remorse for things that cannot be undone.

Why did I love to be left with the wound that love leaves? Why did I fancy, why did I hope, why did I pursue, seek and value things which only brushed past and bruised me? If I cried then with joy and emotion before my dear ones and at the sight of things I coveted, I would weep before them now and pray, "Leave me alone. Do not overwhelm me again with your charm and glitter, for you will not stay to share the burden of the memories you will leave behind."

But perhaps they could look back and say, "You never really loved us or meant to hold on to us. You loved only your own self, and held or discarded us according to your changing needs and wayward impulses. A child, you clung to your mother's breast. A boy, you jumped and played and ran. In youth, you were mad for thrills and exciting company. In the afternoon you rested and poured yourself out on whatever you had by your side, children, pets, hobbies, poems or epics. And towards evening you looked up and scanned the starry sky in quest of Someone who might graciously carry you through the night's darkness."

Yes, I see it was so. I have loved and humoured only my own self. When I kissed a tender hand it was because of its caress in my grief. If I loved anyone it was due to an urge inside for some joy or recreation. If I offered aid or service to someone it was because the act tickled my vanity and left a pleasing sense of having done a virtuous thing. When I gave in charity it was because of a pleasure and a satisfaction which were worth more to me than what I gave and also because of some expected reward to come. How I have been deceiving myself! "I am disinterested in my service to the weak and the poor; I love for love's sake; I care for the child for its welfare; I do not think of myself but work for the public good"—and so on and so forth. I say all that to hide from myself the flaming hideousness of my self-lust and of my pride that itches for gratification, things which are at the deep bottom of all that I do.

This I must understand if I want to hold myself from my mind's fancies and follies, which entangle me in woes and miseries—those woes and miseries which have been trailing all through my life, inter-

spersed though they may occasionally have been with the glitter of mirth or the flush of intoxication. If I want to lighten myself for my journey I must reassess my packages and, seeing their intrinsic insignificance, throw them away one by one. I must remember that that is no true pleasure or joy that passes in a flash and leaves behind a different reaction or a hankering that always burns and is never quenched. I must remember too that no misery befalls me but is linked to and follows the moments of my forgetful indiscretion.

By such analysis I can lay down the burden of recollections which oppresses me and clouds, with the tears it forces from me, my vision ahead. In such manner I can throw down and trample on my burning desires and longings. Thus I learn to be careful not to play with the whims and caprices of my tumultuous mind. I learn to be careful and turn my eyes away when Beauty smiles and invites with an offer of love, affection and tenderness. I learn to put my fingers to my ears when sweet music pours intoxication into them, and to flee when Spring's charms come to enrapture me.

No, that will not be negative living, unless positive living means forgetfulness of another and a truer Self within me that endures, or simply means remaining geared to sensuous urges and impulses which keep me lulled or thrilled. Positive living must be living as a master, with a firm hand on the reins, of the physical chariot in which we are to make our journey. I may not understand why and where I am journeying but I can see that, in the continuing journey from which there is no escape, if I live otherwise I am burdened more and more, and get into a mire of pain and suffering, regrets and longings, which make the journey miserable. A life of self-denial may or may not bring a crystal-pure and lasting bliss. It may not shorten the journey. By observing the mental untouchability of things around and by keeping to the path of cold aloofness one may not come to a light that will illumine the landscape, a light which will show the way but will not dazzle and madden one into mental or physical restlessness. But at least in such living there will not be the pangs, the misery and the despair which I have known in the other.

And so, as I go on, I may not love or be loved, may not like or dislike, may not wish or despair. Let things go over me as a current goes over an unmoved rock, as the cosmos whirls round the self-lost Shiva.

J. M. GANGULI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE APPRECIATION OF INDIAN ART*

Although the poetry and philosophy of India were discovered by Europeans over a hundred years ago, and had the most important influence, the visual arts of India remained unappreciated. While "Sakuntala" and the "Sermons of Buddha" were recognized as having the same stature as the writings of Sophocles or Plato, and were incorporated into every European literary tradition, the plastic arts of India were treated as if they were a pictorial supplement to the history of religion or anthropology of a remote and alien country, of a mysterious, sensuous, exotic world.

The discovery that the arts of India have their proper place in the universal history of art remained to be made. One may, without any fear of exaggeration, claim that this book is the first in the field.

Unusually enough, this extract from the publisher's blurb will not be regarded as extravagant by most of those who have carefully perused this beautiful volume. It is the result of a lifetime of ardent research by a discerning scholar who is internationally known for her classic work, *The Hindu Temple*. It far exceeds in excellence Dr. Benjamin Rowland's historical and technical study of the art and architecture of India. It also manages to maintain the high standards of production at such a reasonable price as we have come to associate with the Phaidon Press.

Of course, we can find fault even with this fine publication. If one opens this book in the hope of seeing illustrations of the most celebrated paintings and monuments, disappointment is certain. Dr. Kramrisch has deliberately chosen to display the less familiar and obscurer expressions of the Indian artistic spirit. Similarly, if she has concentrated on Indian architecture rather than on painting, on Hindu rather than on Buddhist or Moghul art, it is because of her own definite order of priority and not merely her scale of personal preferences. Further, it is possible to regret the brevity and the disregard of sequence of her illuminating introductory essay. But we must be thankful that she does not indulge in the fashionable and ponderous jargon of many contemporary art critics.

The supreme merit of Dr. Kramrisch's book is that it gives us glimpses into the intricate technique as well as the inner inspiration of the Indian artist and craftsman. Art is a mode of attaining a measure of Release (*moksha*); æsthetic experience is an integral part of a single spiritual quest and therefore our response to artistic creations must be total and not merely sensuous. The Indian artist was uniquely aware of the unity and the beauty of the cosmos, the playground of gods and men. The Hindu sculptor delighted in the loveliness of the human form with the same intensity and purity of emotion as that which found its finest expression in the perfect structure of the Hindu temple. Sculpture and architecture were alike surcharged with the vitality of an intricate symbolism. But the symbols were deeply felt; they belonged to an age which in every respect was gloriously, abundantly, alive. The Indian artist worked in accord with the strictest conventions. He inherited the traditions of a classically ordered system of values which had to be accepted in their orthodox form. Within this impressive framework he gave to his lines, curves and colours a fluidity and an enchantingly ethereal quality which even today throw us into a state of rapture and devotion. What is the secret of the magic of Indian art? Is there a metaphysical explanation for the mystical

**The Art of India Through the Ages.* By STELLA KRAMRISCH. (The Phaidon Press, London. 231 pp. 1954. 37*s.* 6*d.*)

content and impact of the best creations of the Indian artist? Answers to these questions have been offered in a memorable manner by Havell and Coomaraswamy. Dr. Kramrisch attempts her own explanation when referring to a copperplate inscription recording the exclamation of the sculptor of the Kailasanatha temple at Ellora:—

> When the stupendous work was completed the sculptor exclaimed in wonder: "O how did I make it?" These words express his shock of amazement at having been the active embodiment of the creative principle. The form of the question reaffirms the tradition that art is not rooted in the ego, but exists in the phase of consciousness that, in Indian ontology, precedes the separateness of the ego and is itself the very stuff of consciousness. This phase of consciousness is called *Mahat* (The Great), wherein there is no differentiation between subject and object. The subject-object content, functioning as the active agent, is the intellect (*buddhi*). Its lucidity is neither strained by energy (*rajas*) nor dulled by inertia (*tamas*). When these begin to assert themselves, and only then, the "I" sense (*ahamkara*) makes its appearance and thenceforth the outside world.
>
> Art originates in *Mahat* and evolves in *buddhi*. Subsequently, the ego apprehends and, according to its limitations, modifies the work in progress, but it has no part in the creative process. In amazement, the ego recognizes the creative spirit when Visvakarma has finished his work.

In support of this interpretation, Dr. Kramrisch refers to the *Sankhya Karika* of Isvara Krishna.

If Dr. Kramrisch's volume is a pageant of surpassing beauty it is because her superb photographs of sculpture and her selection of paintings satisfy the Indian criterion of great art—that every figure and form should appear to breathe and seem to be modelled by breath. Each plate reveals a rare quality of poise which is the result of symmetry of structure, discipline of movement and the eloquence of subdued ecstasy. The illustrations in this book will yield their best when studied at leisure and in a meditative mood. There are admirable notes on the plates which throw light both on the themes and the details of the works of art that are represented here.

One may miss in this volume some of the excellences of European art and architecture. One may not find in this volume the devout simplicity of the early Flemish masters, the passionate concreteness of Rubens and the painters of the Italian Renaissance, the angelic tenderness of the sculptures of Michelangelo or of the paintings of Raphael. Although the greatest Indian artists showed their skill in the use of the subtlest devices of light and shade, they were not interested in the intensely individual psychological studies of a Rembrandt. The Indian sculptor and painter were not generally interested in presenting any distinctive and isolated subject, nor were they anxious, like Franz Hals, to portray persons in a flattering and optimistic light. Rather, the attempt of the artist was to reduce his own personality to a zero and to depict universal myths and facts in particular images and symbols. Indian art was firmly rooted in nature, "in the experience of its unconscious processes, which are made conscious inasmuch as they become form."

From first to last, ancient and mediæval Indian art was archetypal in character. Even the conceptual units of Indian architecture—the altar, the pillar, the mountain, the cave, the enclosure and the gate—had a mystical meaning and significance. Similarly, as Dr. Kramrisch points out, the various materials employed had their own symbolic value. Brick, for instance, was the substance of the sacrificial altar, and therefore signified the sacrifice itself; wood signified the substance of the World Tree; and stone, the substance of the Mountain. It is precisely on matters such as these that we need the guidance of an enthusiastic scholar. And we get this in a generous measure from Dr. Stella Kramrisch.

O.

The Pen in Exile: An Anthology of Exiled Writers. Edited by PAUL TABORI. (International P.E.N. Club for Writers in Exile, 67/8, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. 227 pp. 1954. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

In recent years certain words like "exiles," "refugees" and "displaced persons" have acquired a global significance. For better or for worse, the world is one, although assertive nationalisms and petty regionalisms, with their iron and bamboo curtains, still try to ignore this fact. The cold war has not ended yet, and atomic tests and counter-tests continue to pollute the waters and the atmospheric envelope of the world. Many are the "exiles" from totalitarian regimes who have found a second home in the free democracies of the West. However well they might adapt themselves to their new surroundings, how could they forget their native lands, their country cottages, the gardens, the hills, the streams, the dogs barking, the cattle grazing, the children playing in the streets? An exile is like a man who has mislaid his soul, and real peace or happiness is not for him. The predicament of the exiled writers is worse than that of other exiles, for above all other losses is the loss of their voice and the loss of their readers. It is thus some small alleviation of the tragedy that the exiled writers have formed a separate P.E.N. Centre in London, thanks mainly to the untiring efforts of Maria Kuncevicz, and have now brought out an anthology in English—to be an "annual," it is promised—of poems, stories and essays by forty-five writers representing fourteen nationalities.

In a spirited introductory essay, Miss Storm Jameson assesses the "cost of freedom" to exiled writers. Freedom from hunger and nakedness and cold and heat is no doubt our first need; but civilized man needs, no less, freedom for the movements of his mind and the explorations of his soul. The Greek's vigilant play of reason, the Roman's concept of sturdy citizenship and the Christian's faith in the individual soul have gone into the very fabric of European liberal humanism. Those writers who have preferred exile to easy security so that they may defend the values of democracy and humanism have struck a gallant blow for freedom, and our debt to them is great. They are a reminder to us of the possibilities of undeserved human suffering as also of the capacity of freedom-loving men to fight undaunted all cruelty and oppression till the battle is won.

Most of the poems included in the anthology are variations on the same theme: the psychology of exile.

> Do not go, comrade, stay with your frozen heart,
> because there, on the platform, whence you wish to fly
> for you an iron curtain falls.

It is the human heart that has gone underground, to be frozen there: frozen, yet kept alive. Joseph Wittlin's "Psalm" is tuned to the agonizing, ambiguous present, and is powerfully articulate. Like the poems, the stories too are dyed with the psychology of the spy-hunted and the fear-haunted, the memory of days that are no more, the abnormality of war, the strained human relations, the separations, the hopeless vigils, the nameless sacrifices. There are stories of jealousy, violence, murder, wartime laxity in morals and underground movements, and also a delightful skit on "The Commissar of Trash." The twenty-one stories included in the anthology thus cover a very wide range in subject-matter and characterization.

Also included in the anthology are a centenary appreciation of Gogol, an account of conversations with André Gide and a comparative study of Conrad and Sartre as existentialists. Brief biographies of the contributors are given at the end of the book.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A Flight of Swans: Poems from Balaka. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Translated from the Bengali by AUROBINDO BOSE. Foreword by S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Wisdom of the East Series. John Murray, London. 82 pp. 1955. 5*s.*)

The poems in this volume have not been previously published in an English translation and are therefore all the more welcome. Shri Aurobindo Bose has given us a readable and no doubt an exact rendering of a number of poems that will already be familiar to many Indians. On the whole his translations suggest the poetic quality of the original, though perhaps here and there they fall into a slightly old-fashioned usage with phrases like "flowers bloomed" and "infinite yearnings." There are also some infelicitous renderings such as:—

> O the Youthful, the Unripe,
> The Evergreen, the Foolish,
> Breathe life into the half-dead!

In a short foreword Professor S. Radhakrishnan sets the philosophic scene for an appreciation of Tagore's work. He reminds us:—

> The essential message of India that the Transcendent Supreme is immanent in man and therefore the individual is sacred, is expressed in a variety of ways in Tagore's prose and poetry, song and drama.

Western Europe, too proud of its progress in technology, has still much to learn from the Eastern poet-philosophers like Tagore. Is it too much to hope that even now, at the eleventh hour, our statesmen will, in Tagore's own words (contained in a letter written to friends), hear "the call inviting men to a feast of universal brotherhood"?

ROBERT GREACEN

Flight of the Skylark: The Development of Shelley's Reputation. By SYLVA NORMAN. (Max Reinhardt, Ltd., London: The University of Oklahoma Press, U.S.A. xiii+304 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 25*s.*)

"Even in modern times," wrote Shelley in "A Defence of Poetry," "no living poet ever arrived at the fullness of his fame; the jury which sits in judgment upon a poet, belonging as he does to all time, must be composed of his peers: it must be impanelled by time from the selectest of the wise of many generations."

Of few poets have these words been truer than of Shelley himself. When his life ended in the Gulf of Spezia in 1822 he had no fame as a poet, but all too much notoriety as a man. Even if his life had offered nothing for the scandal-lovers to feed upon, the metaphysical bent of his genius would have delayed the recognition which his lyrical gifts invited. But before the poetry could reach those who were qualified to assess its merits, a formidable mass of prejudice had to be removed. During the first decades after his death, the ghost of the "Satanic" Shelley had to be laid; during the second half of the nineteenth century an almost equally distorting myth was superimposed upon the real man and poet by his idealizing daughter-in-law. And so, with modifications, it has gone on to the present day, romantics exaggerating Shelley's spirituality and critical realists stressing equally his visionary and verbal lack of substance as a poet and his human feet of clay.

In this lively and industrious book Miss Sylva Norman has told the whole story of Shelley's "after-life" in a way that is always personal, but always, too, disinterested and based on fact. In her earlier chapters she treats primarily of those survivors of the Shelley circle who struggled on without their animating spirit and, according to Trelawny, degenerated apace. If this was true of Mary Shelley, her decline into social respectability is understandable in view of her dependence for her own and her son's support upon the difficult Sir Timothy. On the whole Miss

Norman presents her sympathetically. She does not spare the self-applauding Hogg, but although she exposes his lies, she can appreciate the verve with which he told them. The same cannot be said of the egregious Medwin. Later, of course, it is the literary men and professional writers who reveal their prepossessions and limitations. Shelley eludes them, as he always will elude any final judgment. But this book, for those who enjoy personalia and "anecdoterie," reflects in fascinatingly diverse ways the force of his undying genius.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Conference of The Birds: Mantiq ut-Tair. A Philosophical Religious Poem in Prose by FARID UD-DIN ATTAR. Rendered into English from the literal and complete French translation of GARCIN DE TASSY by S. C. NOTT. Brush Drawings by KATE ADAMSON. (The Janus Press, London. viii+147 pp. 1954. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Farid ud-Din Attar, who was probably born some years after the death of Umar Khayyam, ranks as one of the greatest of the many eminent mystical poets which Persia has produced. Indeed Rumi regarded him as the soul of the Sufi doctrine. Attar was intensely concerned with the Way by which the human soul could attain union with the One Ultimate Reality or God and thereby, like the drop striving to reach the sea from whence it came, realize its highest fulfilment. This Way, though beset with the gravest difficulties, may, however, with God's help be followed, since the human soul is in itself of divine origin.

In the most famous of his poems, the mystical allegory entitled *Mantiq ut-Tair* or "The Conference of the Birds," Attar reveals the progress of the soul in its quest and attainment of immortality. Led by the Hoopoe, most pious and spiritual of birds, the feathered tribe undertake the arduous journey to the mountain of Kaf where dwells their sovereign Simurgh, crossing in their pilgrimage the seven valleys of Seeking, Love, Knowledge, Detachment, Unity, Bewilderment and Annihilation. Finally, only thirty birds survive to attain their goal, where they find themselves and Simurgh, their King (Simurgh, literally, Thirty Birds), united in One Being.

Hitherto it has not been easy for the average reader to study this work of Attar in an English version, and the author of the present rendering, S. C. Nott, has performed a useful service in making available his own private version to the wider public. He has based his text mainly upon the complete French translation of Garcin de Tassy (Paris, 1863). The book also contains notes on Attar and the Sufis, together with a glossary, whilst there are charming brush drawings by Kate Adamson. It is not a work for the scholar, for it contains no original critical apparatus nor original reproductions; it seeks to provide simply and directly the moral teachings and anecdotes of the *Mantiq ut-Tair* for anyone who may wish to profit by them.

H. J. J. WINTER

The Way of Life. By LAO TZU; translated by R. B. BLAKNEY. (A Mentor Book. The New American Library, New York. 134 pp. 1955. 35 cents)

The *Tao Te Ching* is perhaps the most translated of all Chinese texts, which is due mainly to its inherent appeal and partly to its small volume. The present translator is very modest about his own venture. He says:—

> For one reason or another, each translation, in its turn, fails fully to satisfy one who knows the original, and at length one tries his own hand at it. Will he, in his turn, satisfy? Probably not; but he may add his share to the ultimate understanding of one of the world's truly distinguished religious works.

The translator has utilized the results of recent scholarship which have thrown light on many obscure points and he has adhered to his conviction that a finished translation should be free from all traces of the original language, especially when they mar English diction. A long Introduction gives the historical and ideological background of ancient Chinese thought, and explains key concepts like *Tao, Te,* and *Wei wu wei.* Each poem has a separate page to itself and is followed by a paraphrase or short notes.

The compact neatness of the rendering may be brought out by the following bit from the opening poem:—

> There are ways but the Way is uncharted;
> There are names but not nature in words:
> Nameless indeed is the source of creation
> But things have a mother and she has a name.

This may be compared with Lin Yutang's translation, which follows the traditional lines:—

> The Tao that can be told of
> Is not the Absolute Tao;
> The Names that can be given
> Are not the Absolute Names.
> The Nameless is the origin of Heaven and Earth
> The Named is the Mother of All Things.

It is difficult for those who are not acquainted with the original to judge the merits of a translation. But that is really unnecessary, for the chief value of a work like this lies in its suggestiveness and every new translation augments this. One general comment may be offered on the learned translator's approach. He appears to be anxious to make out that the goal of the Chinese mystics was identical with that of mystics elsewhere. This may be so; but the Chinese stress was not so much on the destination as on the Way itself: *Tao.*

K. GURU DUTT

Man Alive: An Anthology. Compiled by JOHN and JOAN KENDALL. (Blandford Press, Ltd., London. 128 pp. 1955. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This is an Easter anthology, and its aim is "to convey an understanding of the greatest Christian festival and also to help the readers to an experience of its power." The compilers have gathered their material from a wide field, ranging from the New Testament records to the works of present-day writers. How varied these sources are will be evident if one simply mentions the names of some of the authors whose works have been drawn upon: St. Augustine, George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, John Bunyan, Samuel Rutherford, William Temple, C. S. Lewis, Gerald Manley Hopkins and John Masefield. There is variety, too, in the type of selections: poems and extracts from poems, theological disquisitions, stories, true and fictitious. They have been combined to make a very readable little book, and few are likely to read it without profit.

But two criticisms suggest themselves. First, one wishes that the compilers had thought of a better title. According to the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,* "Man Alive" is "a colloquial expletive." It is neither descriptive of the contents of the book nor an intelligible pointer to them. Indeed there

is a suggestion of irreverence in the use of the words at all in relation to the Resurrection. Secondly, one cannot help wondering why some of the passages were selected. In the first and second parts, on "The First Easter" and "The Meaning of Easter," all the passages are relevant and happily chosen. But in the third part, on "The Easter Experience," there are passages which, great though their spiritual value may be, are less obviously relevant to a study of the Resurrection.

JOHN MCKENZIE

Jesus Christ—Teacher and Lord. Vol. I. By ANJILVEL V. MATTHEW. (Bombay Tract and Book Society, Bombay. 231 pp. 1955. Rs. 3/8)

This book contains a series of devotional studies, one for each day in the year, based on the words of Christ. Each study occupies exactly one page and consists of an extract from one of the Gospels, the writer's comments and a short prayer.

The author, as an educationist and a psychologist, brings out clearly the wonderful skill and wisdom of Jesus as a teacher, linking his sayings of 2000 years ago with some of the findings of modern psychology. This will certainly be of value to Christians struggling in the world of today to live lives in harmony with the message of their Master.

Dr. Glenn Clark writes of the book that "it is more Christ centred than any book of its kind" he has ever seen. This is true, and for this reason, and in spite of the fairly numerous references to non-Christian writers and sources, it is unlikely that it will appeal very strongly except to those whose devotional life is as completely and uncritically Christ-centred as the writer's own.

MARGARET BARR

Fortitude and Temperance. By JOSEF PIEPER. Translated by DANIEL F. COOGAN. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 141 pp. 1955. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

This book is a study of two of the cardinal Christian virtues, fortitude and temperance. It is written in the classical Christian tradition by a German Catholic philosopher, Dr. Josef Pieper. He claims no originality for his work; indeed he goes out of his way to declare that there is not a "single sentence that could not be documented from the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. . . ." Yet this stern adherence to what the author believes to be the teaching of the Catholic Church is original in its way. There is a certain nobility—it is not too high a word—in the manner in which he sticks to his intention throughout his study. From the standards he evokes, particularly from Thomas Aquinas, he is able to bring under judgment certain interpretations of the two virtues, fortitude and temperance, particularly the latter, which emaciate and falsify them.

But the non-Christian should be warned that the book is written by a Roman Catholic who takes for granted certain assumptions. One of them is as follows: ". . . the teaching of the Church that, through original sin . . . (. . . the man who is not attached to Christ) is definitely 'under the domination of Satan.'" That noble suggestions for conduct can come from such a faith is perhaps one of the mysteries of religion that has to be probed in this day. But if anyone can step across certain boundaries there is much to be learnt from this book.

E. G. LEE

Benjamin Franklin: The First Mr. American. By ROGER BURLINGAME. (The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., New York. 127 pp. 1955. 25 cents)

This is one of the many really excellent, inexpensive books made available by these publishers. Others include biographies of Abraham Lincoln and Gandhi and sketches of twenty-four other world figures about whom everyone should know something. Such interesting little books, simply and popularly written, should replace in every home the evil, soul-destroying "comics" of various sorts. The lives, achievements and adventures of the good and the great always intrigue normal young people, and such reading helps to keep them normal and to bring out their own natural humanity and latent talents.

E.P.T.

Annie Besant. By SRI PRAKASA. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. lxiii+173 pp. 1954. Re. 1/12)

Few can deny that Annie Besant was one of the most remarkable women of her time. She made many friends, disciples and enemies. The value of her contributions in many fields is still a matter of controversy and debate. Her political wisdom may be doubted; her loyalty to the traditions of pure Theosophy can be questioned. But it is beyond dispute that she was a true lover of India and gave of herself ungrudgingly in the service of the causes she cherished. She was undoubtedly a Titanic figure and even, towards the end of her days, bestrode the world of Adyar like a confused and agonized Colossus.

Shri Sri Prakasa's book is modest in its aim; it is replete with anecdotes and reminiscences narrated in a peculiarly racy style; it excels in a rare quality of affection and is utterly free from harshness of temper. It is really as much a tribute to the author as to the object of his adulation. He tells many stories against himself but none against her. For one who transferred his political allegiance from her to Gandhiji, Shri Sri Prakasa is unexceptionably fair to Annie Besant's views and attitudes. And yet he makes no attempt to appraise her work for the Theosophical Society or for India. "I simply could not do it," he confesses. In these fundamental matters, she seemed to him to be a remote and uninteresting enigma. This will naturally disappoint those who wish to discover the source of Annie Besant's inspiration, the nature of her complete metamorphosis, the root of her errors of judgment, the explanation of her gifts and eccentricities.

It is, therefore, an intensely human and intimate portrait that Shri Sri Prakasa offers us in his biographical memoir. She was popular because she had, in addition to her magnetic personality and masterly eloquence, the peculiar gift of encouraging persons around her to put forward their best and to remain close to her out of love and gratitude. Before we reach the end of the book, Shri Sri Prakasa convinces us of the truth of his assertion at the beginning:—

> There can really be few people who could have come in intimate touch with Mrs. Besant and not have indelible memories of her wonderful personality and her many personal kindnesses delicately expressed.

O.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[We are happy to welcome to our pages **Professor A. Closs,** Head of the Department of German in the University of Bristol, whose late wife, the distinguished historical novelist Hannah M. Closs, was an esteemed contributor to THE ARYAN PATH. This thoughtful study was presented by Professor Closs as a lecture at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture on October 1st, 1954, under the chairmanship of Miss Ethel Beswick. We are publishing it in two instalments.—ED.]

SUBSTANCE AND SYMBOL IN POETRY

I

The sun's light, when he unfolds it,
Depends on the organ which beholds it.

—BLAKE

Where can we find the clue to the mystery of poetic form? Is there an absolute standard? How often do we meet with intriguing opinions on the subject in scholarly works, which yet cannot be regarded as showing real judgment! A fair judgment can certainly be formed only from a knowledge of the central point in a work of art; the inherent rhythm and symbolic language and ethos of a poet.

To this one must add the individual demand which the material makes on the creator and character of a work of art. Michelangelo, for example, seeks to apprehend the latent form potentially inherent in materials such as stone, and he points out in his fifteenth sonnet that the form is already predestined in the unhewn block of marble. This essentially Platonic-Christian theory of art lures us into the perilous regions of the unknown and of poetical creation. The old concept of enthusiasm being the source of poetic inspiration is incontestable, yet modern (particularly contemporary) poetry and criticism (*e.g.*, Valéry and Rilke or Louis Macneice in his personal essay on "Modern Poetry," 1938) strongly challenge the foggy notion of a purely spontaneous creative force in life. A. E. Housman calls poetry "a secretion: whether a natural secretion like turpentine in the fir, or a morbid secretion, like the pearl in the oyster." In his Marburg Lecture on "Problems of Lyric Poetry," Gottfried Benn advocates the so-called "absolute poem" in place of the poem of lyrical mood. The absolute poem is a product of artistry. It is the supreme endeavour on the part of the intellectual and isolated artist to experience his own Ego as essential in a world of perishing values. The absolute poem is that which is left of a poem when, through a process of distillation, the artist has purified and cleared it of all dregs such as mood, atmosphere, profundity. This is the antithesis to Shelley's view: "When composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline."

Many a present-day poet hammers into the reader slang, jazz and cant expressions of his time. But he does not direct his verse "to humanity." Although he demands actuality, he yet seeks to master the "absolute poem," *i.e.*, a poem without belief, a poem without hope and a poem which is addressed to nobody, but which claims to be metaphysical! Its relentless law is static expression and clarity of style. It is not a matter of private, rather subjective concern, but of highest intellectual achievement.

Specialization seems to be the only anchor in the absence of a spiritual centre or of a composite art structure in our twentieth century. In the works of Franz Marc, Picasso, Henry Moore and the Surrealists, we witness the development of an "inorganic," "anti-human"

style. Werfel's *Star of the Unborn* uncannily reminds one of Hieronymus Bosch's or Brueghel's grotesques. Moreover, in the satires by Grosz, in Disney's fantasies or in Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, the dark forces of human existence have gained the upper hand and destroyed the Goethean equilibrium of power in us and around us. In the Middle Ages the spirit of the church penetrated sculpture, architecture, painting, music and language. Richard Wagner's Bayreuth festivals in the nineteenth century were the last endeavour to create a "composite work of art." Now the split is irreparable. That not only art but also poetry becomes a victim of our obsession by specialization is proved in Gottfried Benn's interpretation of the modern poet.

To my mind this is, in spite of obvious differences, rooted in Nietzsche's æsthetic concept of the artist:—

> The "I" of the lyricist sounds...from the abyss of being: its "subjectivity" in the sense of the modern æsthetes, is a fiction...the pictures of the lyricist are nothing but *his very* self and, as it were, only different projections of himself, on account of which he as the moving centre of this world is entitled to say "I": only of course this self is not the same as that of the waking, empirically real man, but the only verily existent and self-resting at the basis of things, by means of the images whereof the lyric genius sees through even to this basis of things....(*The Birth of Tragedy*, translated by Haussman)

Thus, according to Nietzsche as well as to Benn, only as an æsthetic phenomenon is existence justified.

The story of the poet's life and trials is, however, not altogether irrelevant, although the work of art must in itself be more important than everything else. We must, naturally, also take into account what the poet inherits, *i.e.*, literary concepts and forms, the tradition of imagery and particularly language. What is possible for a Klopstock, was not yet possible for a Christian Günther. But the poet's own life story can have a decisive influence on his expression too. If we know, for example, that Leuthold's split personality drove him to madness but his verse to formal perfection, then this contrast between Leuthold's tragic fate and his pure command of form has immense meaning for us; *cf.* his poem "The Forest Lake":—

> How fair thou art, thou deep blue lake!
> ...I knew a soul once, earnest, full of peace,
> That shut itself from the world with seven seals,
> That like thee seemed created pure and deep,
> Only that it might reflect the sky.

We do not want to generalize and say that genius is always a form of madness, as the pathological state of mind is by no means identical with genius, but Grillparzer is in a way right when he says:—

> I believe that genius can give nothing but what it has found in itself and that it will never describe a passion or a sentiment that it as a human being does not bear in its bosom.

The concept of superior strength as inseparable from disability or moral defect is the subject of Edmund Wilson's brilliant study, *The Wound and the Bow*. The author traces his theme back to Sophocles's tragedy, *Philoctetes*, in which the hero is equipped with an invincible bow and suffers from an incurable wound. There are plenty of other examples from Europe's literature and legends, from Wieland the Smith to Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, in which the hero consciously contracts a terrible disease in order to release in himself creative forces, or in Dickens's two Scrooges. The bow (the creative activity) and the wound (the physical or psychological injury) mysteriously belong to each other.

If, therefore, it is claimed that the poet's life story can contribute nothing to his poetry, that remark cannot stand the test, especially when we think of Goethe's "Winter Journey in the Harz Mountains." Rilke's poem states:—

> That ball of shadow sketched with such insistence
> behind the now only apparent face:
> thus night will come to the pure star's assistance.
> Here is a thing that's ventured to displace

all the conventions of a thing's existence,
for when it started it had run its race.

O long road to retreat without disgrace,
O travail to that authorized desistance!

(J. B. Leishman's translation)

Without the knowledge of a picture to which my friend J. B. Leishman has very kindly drawn my attention, the above poem cannot be understood. It is Joseph Severn's *Keats on His Deathbed*. The original is in the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome. According to Professor E. Zinn, it was André Gide who, on January 27th, 1914, showed Rilke a reproduction of that picture.

On the other hand, in Goethe's case, nothing is more devastating to modern literary criticism than his misunderstood remark: "All my works are fragments of a great confession." Often the slightest stimulus suffices the poet. The song of a nightingale in a Hampstead garden impels Keats to write his great ode, or a glance into a dictionary inspires a ballad, *e.g.*, Möricke's "Beautiful Rohtraut."

Certain critics' mockery of the Philistine is therefore not quite justifiable, when the cause (often unpoetical in itself) occasionally plays a part in the interpretation of the poem and here and there even in a decisive way. On the other hand, it is wrong to demand that literary criticism should be partly biographical (Macneice: *Modern Poetry*, p. 75). There still remains to us, as the primary source of knowledge, the poetic word.

The word can fulfil several functions from the abstract to the most tender expression of feeling: (I) meaning, communication, abstract comprehension; (II) it carries associations with it; (III) it sounds; (IV) it underlies the poet's expressive arrangement and choice; and (V) it creates an image, it becomes a symbol. All these functions and possibilities are inherent in the poet's language.

First, the word denotes something abstract as a direct communication, but a poem such as Goethe's "On the Lake" can apparently almost completely hide its direct and abstract meaning from the reader and yet, through poetic imagery and landscape description, vividly convey the inner conflict in the poet's heart.

An inner change lies before us in the poem which is not expressed directly by words. The process is deprived of its epic quality. Instead of thought, sensuous images of nature speak to us and utter a poetic (not a philosophical) truth. We remind ourselves of the words in Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn":—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

There can be no question of fixed prescription for the artist. Any attempt (on the part of the critics) to set up a system of philosophical abstractions, stale patterns and *a priori* doctrines fights shy of solving the most vital problems of inner form. A poet's visions are not philosophical ideas!

Moreover, any preoccupation, to the exclusion of other elements, with secondary (though important) features such as content, social issues, etc., of necessity often leads one away from the secret of poetic expression as does, for instance, Mr. F. W. Bateson's statement in his book *English Poetry* (1950) about Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" (1750) which is interpreted as a

tract for the times. It was a plea for decentralization, recalling the over-urbanized ruling class to its roots in a rural society, based upon the benevolent despotism of the manor house. (p. 193)

According to Bateson the content of poetry is "human nature in its social relations," *i.e.*, "all poems are therefore in the last analysis public poems" (p. 79). Romantic poetry expresses the "Plutocracy of Big Business, modern poetry, the Managerial State." Bateson invites us to interpret poetry in the light of social history. It is quite true

that if you want to understand Gray's "Elegy" you must refer to the social background which is stressed therein, but the latter does not constitute the essential quality of the poem as such, otherwise it might just as well have been a prose tract at the expense of the vital issues: the symbolic revelation of a poet's emotion and experience, through metaphoric and evocative language, visions, imagery, æsthetic perception, rhythm, etc. Obviously the thoughts are not alien to poetry, but more, they are inseparable from it. They should, as John Middleton Murry (in *Countries of the Mind*, 1931) puts it, "be an intrinsic part of an emotional field in the poet's mind" or, as Keats says: "What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth." To Bateson the so-called magic in poetry is

> nothing more mysterious than the successful collocation of contrasted or conflicting "meanings." The process is essentially...one of semantic synthesis.

To such a critic, obviously, sound is always primarily semantic, and metaphoric language "an intellectual game of relating disconnected or contradictory elements."

Poetic truth, however, is not abstract or philosophic truth inorganically plastered on, embroidered and elaborated, or wrapt in rhythm, rhyme and other sound values. The poetic word has its own setting; its function is expression, not communication. Untruth in lyric poetry is an offence against the organic unity of a poem and against the symbolic power inherent in each poem.

Secondly, the word conjures up associations, *e.g.*, words such as "Roland's Dark Tower"—"forest"—"moon"—"sea"—"tree," etc., call up a subjective response, which varies according to the character, experience, literary reminiscences and emotion of poet and reader; for example, Edith Sitwell's cerebral fantasies or the baroque exuberance of imagery in many a modern poem.

In *The Philosophy of Rhetoric* (Oxford, 1936), I. A. Richards investigated the function of words, which must not be judged in isolation and must not be put together like bricks:—

> Bricks, for all practical purposes, hardly mind what other things they are put with. Meanings mind intensely—more indeed than any other sorts of things....Gross uses of "beautiful" might make the word itself a thing suited only to gross uses.
>
> "The mere putting together of two things to see what will happen is a contemporary fashionable aberration, which takes an extreme case as the norm." This is André Breton, the leader of the French Super-Realists....Breton sees no need to consider what should be put with what—provided they are sufficiently remote from one another....

The many indecisions as to what a word or an expression means are analyzed in William Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (London, 1930):—

> ...a word in a speech which falls outside the expected vocabulary will cause an uneasy stir in all but the soundest sleepers; many sermons rely with a painful frankness upon this. (p. 5)

This study of double meaning, *e.g.*, "dark night" in Synge's *Deidre of the Sorrows*; opposite meanings, *e.g.*, "Macbeth is ripe for shaking"; and exquisite contrasts, *e.g.*, "Take, O take those lips away . . . but my kisses bring again" (*Measure for Measure*, Act IV, Sc. i) is followed by Empson's still more detailed verbal analysis, *The Structure of Complex Words*, which will occupy our attention in the section of imagery and so-called poetic key words.

The above associations are relatively easy to recognize. But the Atlas load of our poet appears to be too great when learned references are necessary, as in the case of T. S. Eliot, the modern master of free associations, who maintains that "poets in our civilization, as it is at present, must be difficult!"—because our life has become too complex. Those workings of association become strengthened when the word, *e.g.*, "rose," "tree," "moon," etc., enters into relationship with the other words of the poem, *e.g.*, Blake's "O rose, thou

art sick"—the rose being a symbol of womanhood attacked by the cerebral male principle (the worm), or the rose being earthly love corrupted by the possessive instinct. According to Empson, the rose in general suggests a "sort of grandeur in the state of culture." As to the rose on Rilke's tombstone, Holthusen writes:—

> The rose stands here as a symbol of the pure, incomprehensibly reconciled contradiction between the tormenting secret of the death he had to die and the blissful secret of the beautiful to which all who read him must succumb. (Translated by Stern)

Not only the rose, but also the tree, calls up infinite possibilities of associations. Blake hit the nail on the head when he said, "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." To the mystic the tree is often the tree of love; for Rilke it is a symbol of pure existence, of God himself, as in his *Book of the Hours*:—

> The branch from the tree of God, which reaches over Italy
> Has already bloomed.

Thus the magic of words arouses limitless associations, particularly when the poet wishes to grasp and formulate the mysterious state of hovering between consciousness and foreboding, light and darkness, day and night, *e.g.*, Möricke in the poem "One Winter Morning Before Sunrise":—

> O time, as light as dawn, of the dark early morn...
> My soul is like a crystal now
> On which no false ray of light has fallen yet....

Thus lyrical poetry, like the single, poetical word, is balanced between two worlds: soul and scenery, depth and surface.

In the word, above all, lies the power of tone. M. de Souza has reduced the Abbé Brémond's doctrine to six essential ideas:—

1. Every poem owes its essentially poetical character to the presence of a mysterious and unifying reality.
2. To read a poem poetically, it does not suffice, and even is not always necessary, to seize the sense. There is an obscure enchantment independent of the sense.
3. Poetry cannot be reduced to rational discourse; it is a mode of expression which surpasses the normal forms of discourse.
4. Poetry is a certain kind of music, but not music merely for it acts as the conductor of a current which transmits the intimate nature of the soul.
5. It is an incantation that gives unconscious expression to the state of soul in which the poet exists before he expresses himself in ideas or sentiments. We relive in the poem that confused experience, which is inaccessible to distinct consciousness. The words of prose excite, stimulate, cap our ordinary activities; the words of poetry appease them, tend to suspend them.
6. Poetry is a mystic magic allied to prayer.

(*A Debate on Poetry*)

But it would be a futile method to hunt after the specific, isolated function and quality of each vowel and consonant (as the philosopher does in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentleman*) without listening to the sound-pattern and sound-gesture of a work of art. I mean Eichendorff's moon-lit, penumbral fluidity, H. Claudius's natural sincerity, George's disciplined solemnity; Schiller's melodic curve often rises and falls in a singing line. The external-sound values must clearly express the inmost emotion, as in the German original of Goethe's refrain:—

> My peace is gone, my heart is heavy....

or in Gottfried's inversion of the two names

> Tristan Iseult
> Iseult Tristan....

The very inversion and juxtaposition of the two names symbolize the two lovers' tragic and inseparable oneness. Moreover, many poems have been written to a special musical pattern. K. Wilson is right in saying that we shall almost certainly have misread the poetry of the Elizabethans if we know nothing of Elizabethan music. (*Sound and Meaning in English Poetry*, 1930)

A. Closs

(*To be concluded*)

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

In the traditional conflicts between science and religion the concepts of "law" and "miracle" have assumed a crucial significance. The scientist has been anxious to widen the sphere of the predictable up to a point where the unpredictable ceases to be unsettling. The religionist has been concerned to stress the persistence of unknown quantities, imponderable elements, unforeseeable forces in the phenomena which man attempts to measure, analyze and comprehend. To the scientist the belief in the impossibility of a miracle is a logical necessity. To accept that there are not only irregularities and accidents in nature but also instances of arbitrary and irreproducible violations of known laws is to imply the futility of many scientific investigations. When the religionist is confronted with reasonable explanations of numerous everyday happenings, he does not deny the existence of laws in nature but distinguishes these from the mysterious powers of a God who is a law unto himself. However, terms like "divine law," "natural law" and so on sound suspiciously like euphemisms for the inexplicable "will of God." As a result, "God knows" has come to mean for most people that man does not. On the other hand, the scientist also often contributes to the prevailing confusion of thought on these matters by pretending that there are not many unknown laws and that, therefore, there can be no grain of truth in accounts of so-called miracles. It has also been argued that the term "miracle" is most misleading and need never be used in rational discussion. It is really much more helpful to reinterpret the current concept of "law" and to relate it to the idea of an unvarying, universal law of ethical and natural causation which was held among the ancient Greeks and Hindus, Egyptians and Chinese and among other peoples at other times. By enriching our conception of law, we do not remove but enhance its miraculous manner of adjustment of chains of causes that stretch far back in time and into the remotest spaces. It is this that fascinates the greatest of scientists and evokes the rapture of the truest mystics. It is this which points to the immanence of creative intelligence or manifested divinity in the whole cosmos.

In the ultimate analysis a pathbreaking scientist who revolutionizes human thought cannot fight shy of the sublime questions that sham religionists presume to answer. Even the lesser of the earlier scientists have squarely faced, even if they have not successfully met, the challenge of religious dogma. In an interesting article on "Laplace's Religious Views" Mr. Roger Hahn points out (*Archives Internationales d'Histoire des Sciences*, Spring 1955, Paris):—

> One of the traditional meeting grounds of science and religion has been in the development of a coherent picture of our solar system. Thus, it is not surprising to find that Aristotle, Galileo, Newton, and Einstein have all in their own fashion been concerned with religious questions.

Laplace left few direct references to religion in his printed works. According to one account, he scrupulously eliminated all such references from the printed page. But there has been recently discovered an unknown manuscript in Laplace's own hand, dealing largely with his religious ideas. He supports the view that Jesus was an historical figure who preached a pure morality. Rejecting subsequent legends, Laplace deplores human credulity and the

childish belief in the mythology of miracles:—

> For him, there is one constant in humanity, the invariability of natural laws, which studied experimentation and observation have never disproved. Miracles are invoked when man is unable to give a rational explanation for unusual phenomena, though if he could examine them rigorously, they would prove to be consequences of natural laws.

So far, so good. But Laplace, like so many scientists after him, goes further and recommends an attitude which is not only unscientific but is also detrimental to the advancement of science. He contends that "the first and surest of the rules of criticism is to reject as false all miraculous events." It is astonishing that he did not see that to follow his advice is to assume that there are no laws now unknown to science which, when known, could explain events which appear to be "miracles" in the absence of adequate knowledge. It is precisely because this desperate recommendation of Laplace has been followed by the Society for Psychical Research that it has made so little progress since its inception.

On the other hand, Laplace is more scientific in his cautious approach to the mind-body problem:—

> After touching briefly on Cartesian and Leibnizian treatments of this question, he admits the difficulty of the problem and reserves judgment. He suggests the application of an inductive method in search of the laws that dominate intellectual phenomena, which he asserts exist as surely as do laws in the physical realm.

But here again Laplace loses his temper and *condemns* the "illusions" to which man has been subjected in trying to account for the power of the will. What is expected of scientists is not condemnation but satisfactory explanation. Where such explanation is not forthcoming, the scientist is more respected when he suspends judgment than when he proclaims dogma.

The case of Laplace is worth considering because he is both a good and a bad example to contemporary scientists. Laplace is the paradigm of the scientist who wishes to find the truth but is impatient with heresy and is fearful of persecution. He did not evade religious issues even if he did not discuss them openly in his published work. Equally, he was ready to dismiss what he could not possibly understand, let alone explain. His was a predicament that is all too typical of his profession. Yet it has been transcended by the boldest and most imaginative men of science in every age.

Can we predict the future except on the basis of past experience? Can prediction be founded upon any other method than that of induction? Is it possible for any man to make predictions that could be regarded as absolutely reliable? These questions have been asked and answered by various philosophical schools in different centuries. The importance of these questions still remains. Controversies over free will and determinism continue to occupy the minds of men. Cybernetics has given a new significance to this age-old debate. Logical positivists have failed to distract attention from the "pseudo-problem" of free will. The progress of parapsychology has made the whole issue more complex and perplexing than it ever was.

In the quarterly review of psychical research, *Tomorrow* (Winter 1955, New York), Professor C. J. Ducasse tries to throw some light on the relation between precognition, determinism and free will in his article entitled "Knowing the Future." He shows that precognition is neither prediction, in the strict sense, nor predetermination, but, paradoxically, is pre-perception of an as yet future event. Professor Ducasse is not concerned in this article with the authenticity of reported instances of precognitive dreams and visions. He is interested in the much more practical problem of the bearing of precognitive experiences upon free will and moral responsibility. What worries him is the train of thought to which precognitive

episodes commonly give rise in philosophical circles. People often tend to argue in these terms:—

> If the future can thus be precognized, this can only be because future events are now already determined; but if even the future experiences and actions of human beings are thus already determined, then human free will is only an illusion, and there is really no such thing as moral responsibility.

If this is true, then there would be a strong urge in some people to discredit the validity of precognitive episodes and even the value of psychical research. But, as Professor Ducasse clearly brings out, this popular piece of reasoning is fallacious.

> That future events are now "already determined" means only that they will be the eventful effects of the effects of the effects, etc., of certain present causes....Hence "determinism," that is, the contention that *every* event, including human volitions and experiences, not only causes certain succeeding events, but itself is caused by certain preceding ones, does not entail at all that every event is "predetermined."

This is an important distinction. By ignoring it many of those who accept the doctrine of Karma, a doctrine of free will and moral retribution, have allowed it to become a form of blind fatalism. That the individual is a free agent is not incompatible with the fact that he must face the exact consequences of his actions. If this were not so the law of universal causation could not express itself as the law of moral retribution on the human plane. The concept of justice invariably involves the acceptance of some sort of dependence of the consequences of actions upon their causes. Otherwise justice would only be another word for the tyranny of caprice.

Professor Ducasse appears to be aware of these far-reaching implications of a narrow view of both determinism and causality. But he unfortunately swallows the utilitarian and hedonistic myths which have bedevilled moral philosophy in the modern West. Professor Ducasse asserts, for instance, that a man is acting freely when he does what he likes and is acting under compulsion when he does what he dislikes. He gives the example of eating. But surely a man who yields entirely to the pleasures of the palate, even against the interests of his health and well-being, cannot be regarded as freer than the man who chooses to submit to dietetic discipline despite the dictates of his appetite. As long as self-restraint is identified with self-suppression, freedom will be restrictively and misleadingly defined in terms of notions of "do-as-you-please." Thus the political and secular views of freedom are almost at right angles to the spiritual and moral meanings of freedom.

In the same issue of *Tomorrow* in which Professor Ducasse's valuable article appears there is a fine condensation of Dr. Raynor Johnson's great work, *The Imprisoned Splendour*. In the section on "The Case for Pre-Existence" Dr. Johnson offers some suggestive remarks on the true nature of freedom. We make no apology for reproducing here in full this passage:—

> If we look at history we find that "love of freedom" has played no inconsiderable part. For this men have fought and died. Yet again and again, after fighting to secure some environmental change that they thought would secure them freedom, it has eluded them. This is because the more important causes of bondage are within men's hearts and minds, not outside them. We are prisoners of our habits, of our fears, our desires, our hopes and our social interests. We are prisoners of our climate of thought, our prejudices, our background of teaching, our mental limitations, our accepted political, scientific, religious and philosophical beliefs.
>
> If to be truly free is to live and act in accordance with our real inner nature (that of the Self as distinct from the Ego), the fact is that freedom is a very rare phenomenon. The real Self which alone has freedom gets very little chance to exercise it because of the dominant Ego. At one extreme there is what we may call "animal-man," completely governed by the Ego. Place him in a given situation and you might predict how he would behave. He may imagine he exercises his will to choose. His will has, in fact, little or nothing to do with it: he is governed by the strongest desire at the time. At the other

end of the scale is "spirit-man," the sage or saint, the truly enlightened man, whose Ego only exists as the perfect vehicle of expression of his Self in the lower worlds. He alone is free.

If this spiritual conception of freedom is to be translated into political terms, Rousseau's paradoxes must receive far more respect than some recent philosophers have been prepared to pay. If even Plato is plausibly depicted as a forerunner of Fascist thought, if the facile Hobbesian assumptions about human nature are implicitly accepted, if the Gandhian approach to politics is imperfectly understood, then we cannot expect an early fusion of the spiritual and popular interpretations of political terms. That such a fusion is badly needed is particularly shown in the sphere of international relations today where the hypocrisy of traditional diplomacy has become more hollow than ever before.

Under the caption "Inquiry Into Religion" the American weekly *Manas* (June 22, 1955, Los Angeles) reproduces a letter from a correspondent who, like so many people today, wants ethics without "religious stuffing." It may be that the endeavour to "prove" the existence of God is a waste of time. But it is equally true that there can be no valid reason for moral goodness (which, by its very nature, cannot be based upon expediency or convenience, personal habit or social custom) if metaphysical matters are to be tabooed. As *Manas* properly points out:—

> Naturalistic ethics may provide a workable basis for arriving at values in human relations, but it is silent in respect to the natural world around us. Ethics has to do with purposes; since we know something of human purposes, we may develop an ethics limited to man; but what of an ethics which includes all the wide world?
>
> Has Nature any purpose? Or, if not a purpose, an order or end? Has Nature, in short, a comprehensible *meaning?*
>
> Science does not help us here. But if nature does have ends, then man, as a natural being, has some relation to those ends, and that relation is bound to have a bearing on the meaning of his ethical ideas or principles.
>
> The importance of religion, then, if it has an importance, lies in the possibility that religion may supply us with an account of the meaning of the world around us, and thus increase our knowledge of ourselves and our ethical responsibilities, beyond the point that reason and what we regard as "scientific knowledge" have made possible.
>
> Thus religion is here defined as the possibility of a special kind of scientific knowledge relating to the larger meaning of human life and existence in general.

There are no doubt very good reasons why many people fight shy of "religion." But there is at least one important reason which is by no means creditable. Among the anti-religionists and those who pooh-pooh the very thought of religion are to be found the mentally lazy and morally inert. Naturalistic ethics can never, as Kant so clearly saw, induce the irresistible urge to live a nobler and better life which most men seek. The man who does not understand his relationship to the universe cannot satisfactorily serve the society to which he belongs. Morals without metaphysics can no more succeed than experimentation without theory or love without faith.